ESSAYS

AND

LETTERS

ON THE

Moſt important and intereſting

SUBJECTS.

By J. YONGE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

ERRATA.

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112	6	for	*communicated*	read *given*
	7		*give it*	*leave*
154	8		*cooly*	*coolly*
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LETTER I.

On HUMILITY.

Dear EUPHEMIA,

BEING at laſt releaſed from the buſineſs in which I have been ſo long engaged, I am retired to my little cot, which has ſtood prepared for me ſome months, and where my deſires have been ever ſince I purchaſed it: in this retreat I hope to live and die contented. The firſt uſe I ſhall make of the leiſure afforded me here, ſhall be the complying with that requeſt which you have ſo often made to me, that I would commit to paper the thoughts that have appeared to us as proper illuſtrations of thoſe ſubjects on which we have converſed; and I will ſend you a letter from time to time as they occur to my remembrance. Our thoughts, you will allow, were not always regular: ſometimes a flowery path beguiled us to ſtep aſide from the road we had ſet out in, or we tried to aſcend a mountain too high for our ſtrength, and were obliged to deſcend to the vale again, not, however, undelighted or unimproved;

for, ſure, if Humility is ſuffered to ſpeak, when we are aiming to ſoar above our reach, we may with much utility riſe as high as ſhe will let us. For unleſs the capacity is tried, how can its full ſcope be known? Yours, indeed, my friend, has not been left untried nor uncultivated; the ſoil was rich, and it has anſwered the induſtry of the owner, who now reaps tenfold, and feaſts on the fruits of her labour.

I do not, therefore, write to inſtruct you, but hoping that, while I write what reaſon and experience dictate, we may imbibe notions too ſtrong, and ſink principles too deep into our hearts, ever to be defaced or deſtroyed. The ſubject of your laſt letter leads me to that firſt; and, indeed, had I wanted that inducement, I ſhould moſt certainly have choſen *Humility* for my firſt ſubject; becauſe, without her, we cannot ſpeak as we ought on any, and becauſe, alſo, ſhe is the foundation of every great action: from her they ſpring, and in her gentle breaſt are the ſeeds whence they grow, and the nurture by which they are mollified, ſtrengthened, corrected, and brought to perfection. In the calm and temperate dwelling of an humble mind are nouriſhed the nobleſt movements of the ſoul. This you will perhaps think not ſo certain, ſince Humility is generally thought an enemy to enterprize. True, my friend; but enterprize does

not

not always ſpeak a mind great: virtue is active, but not daring; elevated, but not ambitious. Ardour, ill placed and ill managed, leads not to great, but inglorious actions: while Humility damps not a well-placed ardour, but, directing it aright, by giving us a knowledge of ourſelves, ſhe brings its purſuit to perfection, by teaching us to liſten to inſtruction, to bend to reproof, to ſubmit to induſtry, and, by the peaceableneſs which it recommends, brings inſtructors from every quarter; by which knowledge is enlarged, and our enquiries and our virtues led the ſureſt way to pleaſure, certainty, and happineſs. Surely, then, Humility is moſt likely of all others to be trueſt wiſdom.

Humility, I am ſure, you will allow, with reſpect to God, is of the utmoſt importance: it teaches us not to ſoar above our proper ſphere; to feel the diſtance between finite and infinite; it teaches us not to judge of infinite juſtice, or infinite mercy, or infinite knowledge, or infinite power, by finite capacity; to receive with the trueſt thankfulneſs thoſe things which are brought to us with all the certainty which our reaſon can deſire, and not to doubt when we cannot contradict: it teaches us patience in diſappointments, dependence in ſucceſs, reſignation in affliction, gratitude in proſperity; thereby bringing us in every ſituation comfort, chearfulneſs, and peace.

Humility, with reſpect to each other, is of the greateſt uſe towards making us happy; becauſe it is the foundation of virtues that tend to make us ſo, and the antidote againſt many vices and follies that tend to obſtruct our being ſo. Humility, by making us willing to be inſtructed, gives much pleaſure to others; to inſtruct being, as you muſt have obſerved, one of the greateſt deſires of our nature; and the liſtener reaps a double advantage, receiving knowledge and giving pleaſure at the ſame time. Humility is not, Euphemia, of more utility to the inſtructed than the inſtructor; for information comes with more certainty of ſucceſs, precepts ſink deeper, and opinions are more conſidered, when they are delivered with *calmneſs*, *coolneſs*, and *modeſty*, thoſe *handmaids* of *Humility*. The arrogant manner in which ſome deliver their opinions and ſentiments, makes even truth appear unpleaſing, and induces the hearers rather to contradict, in order to humble the proud dictator, than to weigh the juſtneſs of what is affirmed. With regard to manner, then, you ſee it is of much uſe in learned diſcourſes; and it is ſo alſo in common converſation, as nothing tends more to promote and keep up harmony than the ſpeaking with chearful mildneſs, and repreſſing the firſt motions towards a haughty anſwer. If we feel the ſtorm gathering within us, on an injury, let Humility but be heard,

and

and the ſtorm will abate: if we ſee it riſing in another againſt us without cauſe, let Humility but whiſper to us, and we make the ſtorm ſink into gentleneſs. A ſoft anſwer turneth away anger, and peace and the joy of conqueſt ſhall in either caſe be ours: ſo true is it, ſo fully performed is that promiſe of our Saviour's, that the meek ſhall inherit the earth. For none are ſo much eſteemed, ſo likely to be befriended, ſo acceptable as companions and friends, as thoſe that think not more highly of themſelves than they ought to think; they cannot be envied, and therefore are beloved. Humility is, laſtly, a moſt deſirable virtue for our own comfort, with reſpect to ourſelves; for where a juſt opinion of ourſelves prevails, there muſt be Humility, as we have all, Euphemia, faults enough to make us humble; and where there is Humility there will be content, and where there is content there muſt be inward happineſs. Let each look within, and we ſhall find, alas! ſo much to be corrected, that afflictions, even if we conſider them as puniſhments, will ſeem light in compariſon with our deſerts, and thankful ſhall we be to eſcape future and infinite, by ſuffering preſent and ſhort-lived pains; and if we conſider them as trials, we ſhall rejoice that we are counted worthy to be baptized with Chriſt's baptiſm, that we may ſit on his right hand, and on his left, in his king-

dom. In ſhort, my dear friend, whether we look at Humility with a view to God, our neighbour, or ourſelves, with regard to the purſuits of this world, or the attainments of the next, it is a neceſſary, a beneficial virtue, and the great foundation, the rock on which all other virtues muſt be built, if we would have them ſtand the ſtorms and perils of this tempeſtuous world.

I am, with affection, yours, &c.

MENTOR.

LETTER II.

On JUSTICE.

I COME now, my dear friend, to give you my opinion of Juſtice, another corner ſtone which ſupports and gives firmneſs to all the other virtues. It is cemented cloſe with humility. Humility gives Juſtice full ſcope to exert all her influence, which pride, by confining the mind, prevents: for

for pride is above being impartial, while it is the delight of Humility to be ſo. Pride is of ſo ſelfiſh a nature, that it prevents all liberal ideas, on which the very exiſtence of Juſtice depends. Indeed, Juſtice takes ſo extenſive a range, that, were it fully underſtood and examined, it would be found to comprehend almoſt all the duties of life. A breaſt in which this divine virtue is contained, and its influence exerted in full force, would neceſſarily poſſeſs alſo every other virtue. I ſhall, however, inveſtigate it ſingly, and give it a fair examination. Perhaps you will think it odd, if I mention Juſtice with regard to God; but I hope to do it without preſumption, and to convince you that I do it with the higheſt reverence. Juſtice, in my idea of the word, means a rendering to all their dues; to God the things that are God's, as well as to man the things due to man. Surely, it is juſt that we pay to God that homage, which, as creatures of his power, we owe him: for, as we are placed by his hand far from the throne of his glory, Juſtice demands that we worſhip and adore him; as beings of his will, Juſtice demands that we ſubmit to his diſpenſations; as creatures of his own forming, Juſtice dictates that we obey the precepts he enjoins, and liſten with obedient hearts to his commands: as fallen creatures, it is but juſt that we feel humble, and

walk with caution; as redeemed ones, Juſtice points out gratitude, obedience, and love, and that they ought to be viſibly ſtamped on all our actions, and flow unceaſing from our heart. Again—Since it has pleaſed our Creator to open to us the proſpect of another world, and to inform us thereby, that the time, talents, and powers, we have in our diſpoſal here, are not given us wholly for this world, but as preparatory alſo to a future exiſtence; is it not then juſt and right, that we make uſe of ſuch information, that we hearken and adhere to ſuch glorious hopes, and make uſe of thoſe talents and powers, and of our time, for the purpoſe of qualifying ourſelves for the benefits intended? Juſtice, therefore, as it regards our ſituation with reſpect to God, demands worſhip, obedience, humility, and love. I will now conſider it with reſpect to one another; and the more I reflect upon it, the more I am induced to think that every virtue is contained in it. When it is conſidered, that we are all upon an equality with regard to what makes us men; that we are indeed *fellow* creatures, created by one God, redeemed by one Saviour, deſcended from one man; that we are all born alike, and alike muſt die; and (which, finally, levels us indeed) that we are all immortal to live together for ever without diſtinction in another world;—theſe truths, I ſay, duly weighed,

weighed, you will, I think, allow, that Juſtice demands we love one another as ourſelves; that we aſſiſt, protect, and be kind to each other; that we render to all civility, tenderneſs, and charity; that the rich deſpiſe not the poor, nor the poor the rich; for, ſtrange as it may ſeem to mention this laſt, I have ſeen poverty exult over greatneſs, and think itſelf by ſo much the better as it was poorer. But let each remember, that the rich and the poor are alike to die. Let the tradeſman, ſays Juſtice, be paid; let the rich be well ſerved, ſays Juſtice alſo. Whatever we ſhould think it juſt in another to do to us, if we were to change places, that ſhould we do.

Juſtice, perfect, ſtrict Juſtice, is perfect love. Mankind demands our love; all mankind, it is their right; they ought to have all the love and kindneſs I can ſhew them, and I ought to have theirs. If a fellow creature wants bread, Juſtice demands he ſhould ſhare my loaf: ſhould I not think ſo, if I was to want it myſelf, and came to him to aſk it? Does he want clothes, and I have a purſe to buy them, can I with Juſtice refuſe them? Does he want comfort in affliction, can I refuſe to pour the balm into his wound, and to heal the broken-hearted? To be juſt in all our dealings, is to be a bleſſing to all we know; to be juſt in our actions, is to do all the good that lies within

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our reach to our fellow creatures, as man from man demands. To be juſt in our words, is to ſpeak no more than we know, and to ſpeak with ſincerity and truth: and here I might enlarge, indeed, but I forbear, as I would not be too tedious to you, but leave your own heart to ſuggeſt the reſt; ſuffice it to ſay, that more injuſtice flows from the unruly member than we are apt to be aware of. Strict ſincerity, and perfect truth and candour, a candour which proceeds from the heart, are the characteriſtics of a juſt tongue. I am perſuaded that we ſhall ſee, in another world, that many of thoſe deeds, that are now recorded as acts of the higheſt charity and mercy, are no more than what was ſtrictly the due of the party obliged, and but Juſtice as from man to man.

Humility and Juſtice, then, you ſee, go hand in hand; for Humility ſuggeſts that Mercy is Juſtice, and Juſtice ſuggeſts that Humility is due to our fellow creatures, and will naturally lead us to do Juſtice, and to love Mercy, as well as to walk humbly with our God.

Adieu,

MENTOR.

LETTER III.

On TRUTH.

HOW often, my dear friend, have we counted over together the valuable advantages that would accrue to mankind from the practice of Truth. The love of Truth every one will immediately claim, but yet the practice of it is rare. The practice of Truth may ſound, perhaps, in other ears than yours, an odd expreſſion; but we have ſo often deduced it in our converſation, and eſpecially in our laſt, that it flows as naturally from my pen as it did from my lips. The laſt evening you ſpent with me, how happy was I to hear your ſentiments were ſo forcible and ſtrong on the ſide of Truth: you juſtly obſerved, that, if the impreſſion of that fair ſeal was ſtrongly marked on all our thoughts, words, and actions, it would bring us more real ſatisfaction than it was poſſible for any other thing to do. I hear, with pleaſure, that you have paid a due regard to your own ſentiments, and have, on every occaſion, (nay ſome very trying ones,) preferred Truth to the greateſt

advantage

advantage that could have accrued to you from a contrary behaviour. Truth, indeed, is ſo nearly allied to my laſt ſubject, Juſtice, that I can hardly ſay any thing of the one, that might not as aptly be applied to the other. Truth is certainly Juſtice. But without regarding any tautology I may be guilty of, (which I know my Euphemia will pardon,) I ſhall ſet down our thoughts on Truth.

Truth, then, as we defined it, is a conſiſtency in all our conduct; a viſible connection between our ſentiments, words, and actions. The two former oftener go together without the latter. Our ſentiments, thoughts, or opinions (for they are ſynonymous terms, and I mean to uſe them promiſcuouſly), are for the moſt part juſt and right, and on the ſide of Truth; and our words generally flow in their language, which gains the opinion of the world, and thoſe we converſe with: but, when we come to be put to the trial, we often fail to be true to our real thoughts and avowed opinions; ſome lurking paſſion ſteps forward, pleads its cauſe, ſends Truth into a corner of our heart, and holds her there till "a more convenient ſeaſon."

To give another the lye, is juſtly eſteemed an affront; becauſe, to ſpeak in oppoſition to Truth, is reckoned derogatory to the underſtanding and the heart of man. But ſee the inconſiſtency of man; ſee the direct contradiction of his actions;

tions:—he is offended at being ſuppoſed capable of uttering a falſehood, and he immediately proves by his actions that Truth has no longer power over *them*. All his profeſſions of regard and friendſhip, all his ſentiments, all his expreſſions of uprightneſs, integrity, honour, and honeſty, vaniſh in an inſtant;—all that reaſon and religion had told him was true, all that he had on many occaſions profeſſed to be his opinions,—all the truths that lay but juſt before open to his view, and ſat upon his tongue, all fly away, (or rather are veiled,) and he proceeds to murder, contrary to the conviction of Truth, to prove he is no liar. He ſigns his name, ſets his ſeal to a lye, to defend himſelf from the imputation of a falſehood; for Truth demands that we act as we think, and no man has yet ſet his ſeal to a challenge, whoſe heart did not ſmite and condemn him in the moment of executing it. The moment the fatal meſſage or the fatal appointment has paſſed his hand or his lips, he dare not look up to the God of Truth; he dare not converſe with his heart: for there the fair victim ſits, her white robe of innocence about to be deſpoiled with blood, and herſelf ſacrificed at the altar of falſehood. Man is too intelligent not to know what is right; when, therefore he is going to do what is wrong, he hurries from himſelf, and by art gets the world to applaud what himſelf condemns.

condemns. Can we read the ſtory of Abel and Cain without horror and pity? and is not every duel like that? Is not every man our brother? And does not he who ſurvives, feel as if his brother's blood cried to him from the earth?

I ought to apologize to your tender heart for dwelling on this ſubject ſo long, but a recent occurrence has made me reflect upon it with attention and horror. Not far from me there lived two gentlemen, reſpectable for their characters and manners: they profeſſed a great regard for each other, often ſhewed it, and were continually together. After many years inviolable friendſhip, they became more immediately connected by their children intermarrying. As their eſtates joined, it was propoſed, that, for their mutual convenience, an exchange of ſome few fields ſhould take place, which was amicably agreed to. When the deeds were drawn, and the money came to be paid, a little diſpute aroſe about the tenure of one of the fields; they both grew warm, and, in the height of their anger, one gave the other the lye in direct terms. We muſt conſider that they both were before aſſerting that each had *deceived* the other. The fatal *word*, however, paſſed one of their lips, and the conſequence was an immediate ſeparation; both equally enraged, both equally thinking that the other had intended to deceive in

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the matter of the land, but both had not uttered the word *lye*. To avenge this inſult, the offended ſends a challenge, which no ſooner was gone paſt recal, than the writer fell ſenſeleſs on the ground; nevertheleſs, when he came to himſelf, though he ſaw all the horrors of the crime, though he ſaw his wife and children in tears, he perſiſted, and drowned himſelf in wine to drive Truth from his view. The challenge was accepted, and the parties met. An awful ſilence took place for ſome time:—at length the neighbour who had offended approached the challenger,—I have been to blame, ſaid he;—we were both warm;—pardon me, and let us forget and forgive.——Theſe words ſunk deep into the other's heart, and he trembled. But Reaſon had loſt her throne, and paſſion and falſe ſhame had uſurped it. Shall I, ſays he, tamely forgive the man who has ſtamped me a liar?—No—draw! I will hear no more!—They fought—they fell—fell on each other, and then by each other's ſide; and theſe were their dying words: "Let us die as we lived, friends.—But oh! how ſhall we ſtand before the God of Mercy!—Him who forgives only on the condition of forgiveneſs!"——I draw a veil over the wretchedneſs of their families, which had each loſt a mutual father.——How different was the behaviour of the young man you remember ſome years ago,

ago, who was given the lye in public company! His anger roſe; he walked about the room in great diſorder, and then retired. The company, who all loved him, dreaded and doubted not the conſequenees. Before they parted, the offender received a letter, with theſe words, "I forgive you." A moſt inſulting anſwer was ſent to this, intending to provoke the young man to fight; but all to no effect. He ſoon after went a volunteer in a regiment going on a dangerous ſervice, and gave diſtinguiſhed marks of bravery. During the courſe of the war, it was his fortune to engage near the aggreſſor, whom he had not ſince ſeen, but who had purchaſed a commiſſion, and in the engagement was near being ſlain by a ſtroke from one of the enemies halberts; but the young man, ſeeing it, ſtretched out his arm and received the whole force. Such an action overcame his inſulter, and from enemies they became ever after the moſt inſeparable and dear friends. Does not every breaſt own this to be far more magnanimous, to do far more honour to human nature, than revenge taken in cool blood. Does not reaſon (and reaſon is Truth) tell us that revenge is a vice? Do we not think, do we not ſpeak of it as ſuch? How then do actions contradict thoughts and words, when we draw the ſword to avenge our wrongs?

It is not enough that we think and ſpeak right, but we ſhould minutely act ſo: this would be acting with truth, whoſe unſullied garment ſhould be ſpread over all our ways.

Integrity of heart, uprightneſs of conduct, diſintereſtedneſs, candour, every epithet of that nature, are only ſubſtitutes for the word Truth: for if we are true to ourſelves, we ſhall be true to others; and it will be a cordial in the time of affliction, and a ray of glory in proſperity.

May you, my dear Euphemia, ever poſſeſs it in the eminent degree you do at preſent, and meet with your reward here and hereafter!

Yours,

MENTOR.

LETTER IV.

The ſame Subject continued.

I AM not quite ſatisfied with my laſt letter: it ſeems as if I choſe that ſubject for a particular deſign, which was really not the caſe. I ſometimes may inadvertently reſt too long on a part the ſubject naturally leads to, but I do not mean ever to confine it to one point. Truth, I am ſure, is a ſubject ſo diffuſe and univerſal, that, were we to follow it through all its channels, it would lead us at laſt into a broad ſea, which would overwhelm every other. I would wiſh, however, to lay a remark or two before you; and I will do it in as conciſe a manner as I can, that this may have more the air of a poſtſcript than a letter. In my laſt, I dwelt (perhaps too much ſo) on our actions; I now ſhall mention our words. When I ſaid our words generally were the words of Truth, I meant, when we formally deliver our ſentiments, or are called upon to give our opinions, and when we intend to make others

others conceive well of us; but, in the general run of our converſations, we are apt to regard too little the uprightneſs and ſincerity which ſhould ever attend upon our words. Truth is ſo beautiful, that even her moſt negligent undreſs ſhould be attended to. The commoneſt words we ſpeak ſhould flow from this pure fountain, and the ſtream ſhould mark its ſource. The advantages that would accrue from this attention to ſpeak juſtly, are great and innumerable; reſpect, confidence, belief, from our equals, and obedience and affection added to theſe from our inferiors, would be ſome of the happy conſequences. To theſe we may join thoſe leſſer pleaſures of attention in converſation, and the delight we give to our intimate acquaintance; for thoſe who are known to ſpeak only what is true, will ever be reſpected, and draw toward them a little circle of admiring friends. But the ſlight attention people in general give to Truth, in their ſtories, in their declamations, in their daily and moſt trivial diſcourſe on buſineſs or matters of indifference, originates from a want of ſeeing the importance and utility of Truth in every line, and often imperceptibly tends at laſt to looſen the great ſtrings that attach us to it, and we grow callous to, or unobſervant of, thoſe barriers which divide Truth from Falſhood: we unawares leap the bounds;

and becauſe in things immaterial we gained credit for what we ſaid, even though we did not mean to deceive, we try the ſucceſs of doing ſo in ſomething that may tend to our advantage, if the deception ſucceeds. But I will ſay no more than this,—Truth ſhould be ſo much our delight, our idol, that we ſhould ſet it up in our hearts, and pay implicit obedience to its dictates: it ſhould enter into all we think, and ſpeak, and do: like eternity, whence it ſprung, it ſhould run through this little channel of time, till it returns to its ſource, and is ſwallowed up there for ever and ever.

Your faithful

MENTOR.

LETTER

LETTER V.

On RELIGION, *as a general Principle of Action.*

EUPHEMIA, I am juſt returned from church, where, our good old Doctor being ill, a ſtranger officiated for him. I am almoſt aſhamed to tell you, that I have purpoſely taken my pen to criticiſe his diſcourſe. It was a laboured harangue, to exhort people to neglect all other affairs and become religious; to ſpend no more time idly in the purſuit of riches, or in any of the occupations of life; but to live as becomes reaſonable creatures preparing for another world, and retire betimes from the buſineſs and the pleaſures of this. But why retire? Why give up the occupations or pleaſures of this life? This is no where enjoined by the law of God; nay, the laws of God were made to direct us in, not to lead us out of, the affairs of life. Of what uſe are all the directions we have concerning duties to our neighbour, if we mix not with the world. Are there not rules for our conduct in every ſituation, in every relation of life? and how can they be of

uſe, if we fly to a ſolitary home? Read the twelfth chapter to the Romans; ſee the ſocial duties there enjoined, and judge if it is needful to retire in order to pleaſe our God. He is the God of all mankind; he is the God that made my neighbour as well as myſelf. St. Paul ſays, If any will not work, neither ſhall he eat; and to the rich he ſays, Let them do good, let them diſtribute their riches. How can a cold, retired, ſelfiſh devotion, ſpread its happy influence in the world? I do not mean that all men ſhould live in towns and trade in order to be good, but let each purſue the road wherein he is placed, and take Religion as his guide to walk by. Nothing is more detrimental to the cauſe of virtue than to make it a matter of a ſeparate and diſtinct concern, that is to be attended to by itſelf. Writers are too apt to run into this way of argument:—"We ſhould not ſpend *all* our time "on our own affairs; we ſhould dedicate *ſome* "of it to religion. We ſhould not *entirely* neg- "lect virtue, but *retire ſometimes*, to contemplate "its beauties. We ſhould not give up ourſelves "*wholly* to pleaſure, but take a *part* of the ſhort "time allotted us, for preparing for the time to "come." Theſe ſound like plauſible and right arguments; and ſo they are in ſome degree: but Religion ſhould not be made to conſiſt in a few *ſeparate* actions, employing a part of our time; it ſhould be

be the governing principle of *all* our actions; its rules ſhould direct us in *all* that we do; it ſhould guide us with uprightneſs in buſineſs, with moderation in pleaſure, with integrity in our words, with innocence in our thoughts; it ſhould be with us when we lie down and when we riſe, whether in the field, or in the ſhop, whether in the cabinet of a king, or in the domeſtic concerns of our own families: it is not a formal piece of buſineſs to be performed now and then on particular occaſions, or at particular hours; no, my dear Euphemia, it is an active, vigorous principle founded on the love of God and ourſelves. We ſhould ſee the beauties of it and adopt it; we ſhould ſee the neceſſity of it, and fear to act contrary to it; we ſhould feel the pleaſures of it, and live up to it with the utmoſt vigour of our ſouls. It makes maſters kind to their ſervants, reaſonable in their orders, and feeling that they are themſelves ſervants of the Moſt High God; it makes ſervants ſerve with alacrity and fidelity; it makes parents watch over the education of their children, and children delight in obeying their parents; it makes each man ſtrive to be uſeful to others as far as is in his power. This is religion. It is to him that overcometh, not to him that flieth temptations, that our Saviour will grant to ſit upon his throne; it is thoſe that turn many to righte-

ouſneſs, who ſhall ſhine as the ſtars for ever and ever. Religion, indeed, enjoins prayer, praiſe, and faſting; but theſe are the better to fit us for a pure connection with the world, and are only what every heart muſt be willing to pay to Him from whom we derive not only every temporal bleſſing we enjoy, but alſo the benefit of the Goſpel inſtruction. He who follows the rules of that Goſpel, who guides by principle the actions of the preſent, and who looks forward to *that* day, when his accounts ſhall be cloſed, and he be judged according to the manner in which he has acted, cannot need any arguments to throw himſelf daily on his knees to implore aſſiſtance, and to praiſe his God.

There are, I will confeſs, many who act juſtly and honeſtly, who yet cannot be ſaid to be religious. This is a grievous truth. They are ſatisfied with themſelves, and think all is well. Theſe people do, indeed, want to be rouſed from their ſupineneſs, but not by being told to retire from the world. This will never prevail. They taſte its ſweets, and they have nothing to fear from its frowns. They plod on, and do not care to be interrupted by any ſuch religious diſcourſe. But it is to be feared, that, unleſs Religion be the baſis of their honeſty, there is, that may ſhake it: ſome one thing may at ſome time or other of their lives

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tempt them to forfeit it. Then will they want that hold which Religion gives; they will in vain try to withſtand the ſtorm; their principles are built on ſand, and may be overthrown. To ſuch, then, we ſhould ſay, not that they muſt away with the things of life, but that they muſt add to their honeſty virtue, and to their induſtry religion; or, rather, they muſt let virtue and religion be the principles which ſet their induſtry to work, and induce them to be honeſt. The directions for our conduct are ſo very plain, and the motives of them ſo very expreſs, that he that runs may read. He that will but view them with a cool, unprejudiced eye, muſt ſee they are meant for the benefit of mankind, by a right direction of the heart, by an intention to impreſs on that ſuch principles and ſuch motives, that the actions which we are engaged to perform in this life, be they what they may, ſhall all be done in an amiable and upright manner, expreſſive of the fountain whence they flow.

Do not accuſe me, my gentle friend, of not practiſing what I preach. I *have* lived to the world; I have, while duties called me, mixed with it, and been active in many relative, and, I hope, friendly duties; but the world muſt be heard no more; my fortune, narrow and circumſcribed, calls on me more forcibly to be careful, and to confine

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my little, that I may be able to give of that little. My evening of life draws on, and I gladly indulge, (and now indeed think myſelf right) in retiring to a ſmall circle, where I can enjoy what ſtill of life remains, and yet have time to look ſtedfaſtly up to that great goal whither I run. My hour-glaſs reminds me, that not many ſands remain ere the hour be expired. I do not mean to alarm you, my dear friend;—I am not ill;—but time ſlides on apace, and we muſt watch and be ſober.—May you have many years in ſtore to bleſs and be bleſſed!——Adieu,

MENTOR.

LETTER VI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will remember, I am ſure, how often I have warned you againſt that too common error, the letting the mind be engroſſed by any one object or ſubject. You ſaid, with the *wiſdom* of *Innocence*, you could not think what ſubject could be ſufficient, or what object great enough, to take up all

all one's thoughts. Alas! I was forced to oppoſe experience to good judgment, and to aſſure you, that, contrary to what would appear on only conſidering the capaciouſneſs of men's minds, every day's obſervation would convince you, that the mereſt trifle is capable of engroſſing the whole thoughts and attentions, and of filling the head and heart, to the utter excluſion of every other ſubject. The progreſs of this infatuation is ſeldom taken notice of, and for that reaſon it becomes a tyrant. Chance leads the mind to ſome particular object, ſubject, or ſtudy; this done, the thoughts are indulged and tend that way: but ſtill the mind for a while retains its liberty, till, by continually recurring to the ſubject, and dwelling upon it frequently, it begins to thruſt out other thoughts which are neceſſary and uſeful. Inſtead of avoiding, we ſeek occaſions to increaſe our deſire for this object; and in time our whole ſoul is wrapped up in it, to the utter excluſion of all others. A thouſand things, that might have afforded us pleaſure, paſs unheeded by; and the mind, formed for a variety of ſenſations, becomes the ſlave of one. The tyrant ſits on the throne, and iſſues its mandates without juſtice or mercy, commanding the underſtanding, the will, and the affections, to bow down before it, and to ſubmit all their powers to its beheſts. That ſome men

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ſhould have their principal purſuits has been often fortunate for the world, as moſt of the knowledge we have ariſes from thence; and cloſe application is neceſſary to attain a degree of perfection in a purſuit of any kind. The arts and ſciences are noble ſtudies, and deſerve a cloſe attention; but even theſe ſhould not ſhut out ſocial duties, or make men unfit for the world. This, however, is a more laudable employment of the mind, than what is commonly called a hobby horſe. It is this kind of ſhabby affair that makes a man too particular to be agreeable. All his thoughts, all his actions, tend that way. He appears vacant and quite void of knowledge, till you touch the favourite ſtring, and then he launches out, and drives you till you are tired. Even when the object may ſeem to demand, or rather command attention, I mean in the affair of love, we yet ſhould guard againſt too great a thoughtfulneſs upon it: if we are diſappointed, it ſtings the deeper, the cloſer it has been harboured in the boſom. In affliction, the ſame care ſhould be taken not to indulge too much in the luxury of grief: ſomething is yet due to the world; and neither grief nor joy ſhould ſo engroſs the heart and mind, as to deprive our friends or the world of that attention their kindneſs merits. I could bring a thouſand inſtances to prove how prejudi-

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cial this habit has been both to the perſons themſelves, and to all that have been connected with them. It has often ſpoiled a fine genius, by leading it on a wrong ſcent; it has often ſpoiled a great underſtanding, by confining it to one object; and it has not ſeldom ſpoiled an excellent heart, by cramping the natural freedom of its affections; and, laſtly, it has often ſpoiled a good and ſweet temper, by making it impatient on any other ſubject but the one that has got poſſeſſion of the mind. Let a man, if he will, take particular delight in one thing, but let him not be dead to all others: if he expects indulgence with regard to his own hobby-horſe, let him give it to others to ride theirs. A time will moſt likely come, when he can no longer purſue his favourite ſchemes; and then he will find a void in his heart which cannot then be filled up, and he will grow fretful, uneaſy, and diſſatisfied.

It is the great art of life to provide amuſements for our future ſelves; we ſhould lay up comforts for our time to come. Though we are not allowed to anticipate the evils of to-morrow, we may lay up a treaſure of ſuch a nature that we may enjoy it: we ſhould chuſe thoſe purſuits that give pleaſure in proſpect, as well as at preſent. Reading is one of thoſe treaſures which youth and manhood ſhould carefully lay up: while it expands

pands and entertains the mind at the moment, it is alſo laying up a ſtore of amuſement againſt that time when the windows of the mind ſhall grow dim, when its faculties ſhall weaken, and the comprehenſion be leſs quick: then memory runs back, and fetches all that we have read, and takes a delightful retroſpect of thoſe actions which gave us pleaſure in the performance. Here appears the great difference between vice and virtue. Time renders the one more and more odious; we ſtart at the remembrance of our former ſelves, and wiſh, but wiſh in vain, we could recal our vicious actions, or obliterate them from our memory: but that is impoſſible; they riſe in glaring colours, and ſtrike like lightning on our tender frames; while every virtuous action, every generous or charitable deed, every innocent amuſement, riſes in our memory, and refreſhes the drooping powers of our nature, as the dew on the dying herbage. All this, my dear friend, ſhould excite you to cultivate all your powers to fill your mind with good things; to open your heart to every object that can give it ſatisfaction; to curb every riſing paſſion; to fill up your preſent but paſſing hours with uſeful ſtudies, with pleaſing employments, or with chearful and innocent amuſements; that, in time to come, if you ſhould grow indolent, have many cares, or have any bodily infirmity, you may be enabled, by the grate-

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ful treaſures of your memory, to preſerve the even tenor of your temper, and to ruminate with ſatisfaction on thoſe repaſts which have been over long ago. In ſhort, I would have you contradict the ſaying of the wiſe man, that *all is vanity and vexation of ſpirit*; I would have you contradict it by experience, and gain this by following his laſt advice, by *pleaſing God, and keeping his commandments*. Whoever does this in youth, will find in old-age, that *all is* not *vanity and vexation*; many ſolid pleaſures will have accrued from keeping God's commandments, and much *vexation of ſpirit* will have been avoided by having pleaſed him. The proſpect and retroſpect will be alike pleaſing, comfortable, and joyful. The paſt will make up great part of the preſent happineſs, and that to come will be expected in conſequence of both paſt and preſent. Of ſuch great importance is it to ourſelves to cultivate our various talents, and to let no ſingle matter engroſs our thoughts: for though I may have ſeemed to have wandered from my ſubject, yet I aſſure you I have kept it all the time in view; for I am perſuaded, that thoſe perſons who confine their minds in their younger years to any one particular purſuit or object, will lay up in ſtore for old-age many a weary hour and many a vexation; while thoſe who expand their powers while they are in full vigour, and, though

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one ſtudy, perhaps, principally employs them, yet are open to the enjoyment of others, thoſe, I ſay, Euphemia, lay up a ſtore of generous ſentiments, and of uſeful knowledge, that will make them revered and beloved by their fellow-mortals, and happy in themſelves, at the decline of life.

Yours,

MENTOR.

LETTER VII.

YOU have often, my dear friend, aſked my opinion on the proper method of ſpending Sunday. I have generally avoided giving you my opinion, for this very reaſon, becauſe I think it difficult to form a poſitive one. I would not have you think by this declaration, that I have lived to theſe years without having a ſettled opinion for myſelf: but it has ever been invariably my rule, not to let my own plan of conduct be the ſcale whereby to meaſure that of others. I endeavour to judge for

for others, as if I had no rule of my own, and though a real vicious or virtuous action muſt be condemned or applauded in all, yet every one's ſituation in life is ſo different, that, with regard to what is not immediately ſinful, we ſhould be very cautious of condemning others for what would be blameable in ourſelves. In regard, indeed, to the manner of ſpending Sunday, and to ſeveral other particulars of people's lives, the great fault ſeems to lie in their want of thinking about it at all. They do not deliberately ſpend it amiſs, but they do not conſider how to ſpend it well. I do not now ſpeak of thoſe peſts of ſociety who purpoſely prophane it, and ſet at defiance the command of God, and endeavour to draw, by their entertainments on that day, others into their own light way of thinking; ſetting a ſhocking example to thoſe below them, and, indeed, putting it out of their power to do better, by requiring their attendance on the diverſions they are giving and receiving. I was quite aſtoniſhed the other evening, to hear a young creature, juſt come from London, giving an account of one of theſe entertainments, to which numbers were invited, and the houſe open for all that choſe to come. She ſpoke of the muſic, the ſinging, and the whole with rapture, and ſaid ſhe could not leave it till twelve at night. Perceiving me look grave and

deep in thought, What, ſays ſhe, old gentleman, (with much good humour,) this does not agree with your notions of keeping the Sabbath-day holy, does it? Nor with yours neither, young lady, ſaid I, ſmiling. She ſtarted at ſo unexpected an anſwer, and owned, with an air of affected gaiety, that ſhe once had other notions, but ſhe believed muſic muſt be innocent. If you feel it is ſo, ſaid I, go on in your new courſe.

Thus does what is in itſelf innocent inſenſibly betray the young and unguarded into the ſnares of the vicious; for I do believe moſt ſeriouſly, that thoſe who open their houſes for muſic of all ſorts, or any entertainment, on a Sunday evening, do it in defiance of that commandment, and of that voice which hallowed it from the creation of the world.—But I turn, and glad I am to do ſo, from theſe deluded and deluders; and ſhall endeavour to give you ſome idea of my notions about the day.—The great fault, as I have obſerved to you, is not conſidering at all about it. This originates from a remiſſneſs in the education of youth; ſome of whom are taught to conſider it as a day of idleneſs, and a holiday, and therefore to be ſpent in play and jollity; whilſt others are led to think it a long and tireſome day, and, not underſtanding the meaning of it, wiſh it over, that they may return to their ſports, or even to buſineſs, to get

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rid of that irkſomeneſs which they ſee in others, and feel in themſelves, upon that day. Unaccuſtomed to regard it as a day of conſequence, they grow up with an intention to make it a lively one, inſtead of a dull one, when the boy becomes his own maſter, or when miſs becomes her own miſtreſs. The end of this is, that they throw off this irkſome yoke, and betake themſelves to amuſements of ſuch ſorts as they can meet with; the young men ſeldom even going to church, and the young women ſpending all the reſt of the day in viſiting and chat. Alas, my friend! was this the intention of the God of our fathers, in hallowing one day in ſeven? Was this the intention of our Bleſſed Saviour, when he aroſe from the dead, and ſanctified the firſt day of every week from that day to the end of the world? It will be urged, perhaps, that our Saviour ſays, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Is it made then for man, for man to prophane and neglect it? If it was made for him, for his uſe and benefit, is he therefore not to uſe it at all? Is he to reap no benefit from ſo merciful a gift, and, for the very reaſon why he ſhould huſband it as his beſt talent, to lay it up in a napkin, or to ſquander it away? It was made for man alone, and ſhall man alone abuſe it? It was made for man, and ſhall man alone receive no benefit from it? It

was made for man, and ſhall man not conſider it? All the events of that day were effected for man; the creation was finiſhed for man; the redemption by Chriſt's reſurrection was finiſhed for man; and, that he might have leiſure to conſider the end of theſe great mercies, one day in ſeven, the creation, as it were, ſtands ſtill; the ox is looſed from his yoke, the horſe reſts from his labour; all labour, all the traffic of this world, ceaſes! What is this for, but that the mind, looſed from the ſhackles which worldly affairs bind it down with to themſelves, ſhall have free liberty to riſe to that great Author of All, who has given us all things richly to enjoy, to conſider that our ſouls are of importance, and that great and mighty things have been done for them; to conſider that on ourſelves depends the advantage of ſuch mercies, and that on our reſolves and our deeds reſts the whole of our future, everlaſting happineſs? Whoever conſiders the day in this light, will not be ſeeking occaſions to divert himſelf on it with trifling matters, nor be inventing methods to make it paſs away quick. He will with hearty gratitude enter into *His* gates with thankſgiving, and into *His* courts with praiſe, who has thought not even His own Son too great a price to pay for the purchaſe of his happineſs. He will offer up devout prayers for his own ſalvation,

tion, and that of all mankind; and he will ſpend moſt of the remaining part of the day in reading ſuch things as ſuit the ſolemnity of the day, will elevate his mind, and fix his reſolutions to be wiſe and happy. Chearful and innocent converſation with his family will make part of his evening, and the delightful employment of inſtructing his children will fill up his time, if he is a father. The day will probably end in family worſhip, and returning thanks to that great and mighty Being, who thought of, and appointed this day as the moſt probable and eaſy method to draw men to conſider the great things he has done for the children of men, and to profit by them.

If this day, though it comes ſo ſeldom, is yet in danger of being neglected, how evidently does it prove, that, if there were no ſuch day, the events that it commemorates, and calls upon us all to remember, would be ſoon forgot. There are ſo many ways of ſpending this one day in a week profitably and pleaſantly, that one ſhould wonder why diverſions are introduced to ſeaſon it to the palate; but that, alas! thoſe ideas which make it of importance to us, are diſcarded from our heads and hearts every other day; nay, perhaps, (and the aſſertion may appear ſtrange to your innocent and pious mind,) thoſe who lead a careleſs life, and to whom ſerious things ſeldom occur, feel

this day more wearisome than those, whose every day is equally devoted to pleasure, and void of all good; they go on in their usual gay round, and make no distinction. But well-meaning persons will not do so; they know they are not to spend it like other days, but they will not rouse to think how they may spend it best: tis enough that it is innocently spent, but profitably enters not into their customs. How far want of thought is criminal, I will not pretend to say; but to you, my ever dear child, give me leave to observe, from long experience, that I am persuaded half the faults and half the vices of the world come from the neglect of this day. It would be almost impracticable for them to get head, if one day in a week was dedicated to serious consideration of what we have received, and what is expected from us, and what will befal us hereafter. It is not possible, I know, to put a stop to all impiety, but it is of great importance to endeavour at it.—I was pleased with a family I visited last summer, who are, of all the people I ever knew, the happiest. We happened accidentally after supper one night, on my first arriving there, to fall into the above subject. Some young and some old folks were there, who discoursed, I thought, but aukwardly upon it, and confessed they had never considered it but as a day to go to church, and get over the rest of

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it as well as they could. Well, ſays my friend, you ſhall paſs next Sunday with me, and if you do not like it, pray find out and follow ſome better method. Sunday came: we all met at prayers as uſual at half paſt eight, my friend and his family all well, and neatly dreſſed, though not fine; the company in their uſual diſhabille; but, whether from reſpect or vanity I know not, after breakfaſt they all retired, and by church-time returned to us ſpruce and neat. After church the gentlemen propoſed a ride. The maſter of the houſe ſaid they might do as they would, but he ſhould take a walk; upon which they all agreed to do ſo. When he returned, he retired to his ſtudy, and, after ſome little time ſpent, I conclude, in the worſhip of God, he ſent for his children, one by one, and kept each with him ſome time. Curioſity prompted the ſtrangers to go into a room adjoining, to hear what paſſed. They overheard him explaining to each of them ſome particular part of Scripture, or ſome particular duty, ſeemingly as if it was the continuation of a ſubject begun before; the child firſt giving him freely his or her idea of it. He then made ſome obſervations on their conduct and behaviour in the paſt week, commending what he had ſeen right, and gently reproving what he had ſeen amiſs; inſtilling into every one, a peculiar love

for each other, and a ſweetneſs of diſpoſition to all. He ended his exhortations with graſping them in his arms, and praying God to bleſs them. When he came out of his room, he was ſurpriſed to find ſo large a company in the next, and, after recovering himſelf, ſaid, Gentlemen, you, perhaps, have ſmiled at my lectures, but to me it ſeems hard to expect young people to be good, unleſs you put it in their power to be ſo, by teaching them to reaſon, and to know their duty. I am an inſtance of the uſefulneſs of this method; for I was at firſt brought up in the common way of education, and thought not at all till I was ten years old, when I was ſent to learn Latin and Greek of a clergyman; but he, good man, added ſuch ſort of diſcourſes as you have juſt heard, and made my duty both eaſy to my underſtanding, and pleaſant to practiſe. Every truth he explained to me intereſted me as I heard or read it afterwards, and every inſtruction ſunk ſo deep, that, when the uſual temptations of youth occurred, I repelled them with thoſe ſtronger propenſities to preſerve the dignity of human nature which he had put into my heart. Errors and faults I have no doubt committed; but the ſevere checks I received from my own knowledge of better things, were puniſhments too ſevere for me to repeat them very frequently.

When

With ſuch diſcourſes as theſe we filled up the time till dinner. A peculiar degree of chearfulneſs ſeemed to reign round the table: the excellent lady at the top, and the young man (for my friend is ſcarcely middle-aged) at the bottom, ſeemed to promote good-humour in all about them. After tea, a couple of excellent diſcourſes were read by ſome of the young ones. He then aſked his children what they liked to do, making at the ſame time an apology to us; but, ſays he, this you know is agreed to be *my* day. "Oh, Papa, ſays the eldeſt daughter, let us read a Spectator, or Milton, or Young." Well---yes, ſaid her brother, (almoſt unwilling to lead a different way, yet too ſincere to acquieſce,) but I wiſh we might go on with aſtronomy. Well, ſays the father, my dears, we will do both; there's time enough; and, if you'll promiſe me to give an account next Sunday of all you read or hear to-night, you ſhall ſit up with us till we ſup, that this day may be the longeſt as well as the beſt in the week. Come, Jane, ſays he, let us have a Spectator on the critique of Milton, and that will pleaſe you all. She read it, and the part that repeats the poem ſhe performed better than I ever heard any one, though ſhe is but nine years old. The gentlemen were attentive, and all expreſſed their approbation; and it is my ſecret

belief

belief that ſome had not heard it before. This over, the globes were produced, and my friend gave us all, indeed, a moſt ſenſible and clear account of the celeſtial world, not forgetting to ſeaſon it with high thoughts of that Being who made the ſun to ſhine by day, and the moon and the ſtars by night. The delight of the children, and the pleaſure of the whole company, made the time inſenſibly paſs away till the uſual hour of prayer. After that we went to ſupper. When the ſervants had left us, one of the gentlemen ſaid, Well, Sir, I am going to anticipate the queſtion which muſt be now in your heart, of How we like *your* Sunday? You will be ſurpriſed that I firſt deſire to aſk a queſtion. How would you fill up your time without your children? My friend ſmiled and ſaid, Much in the ſame manner, only I ſhould then conſider *myſelf* as a child, and whatever ſcience I had not thoroughly explored, whatever part of Scripture I had not thoroughly ſtudied, whatever books on natural philoſophy I had not read, I ſhould not think my time wrongly employed in diſpoſing of ſome part of it that way; yet taking care that curioſity was not altogether my motive in the choice of my books. Hiſtory I would avoid; it is a ſubject that hurts the heart, gives a diſguſt of mankind, and cannot tend ſo much as any other to elevate the mind, which

ſhould

ſhould be the peculiar tendency of the employments of this day. Let me add, if I had a ſenſible friend with me, I ſhould think an hour of his converſation innocent, valuable, and improving. I am ſatisfied, replied the Gentleman; and now muſt ſay, (what will give you more ſatisfaction than any thing elſe I *can* ſay,) that I am ſo thoroughly delighted, ſo thoroughly approve of *your* Sunday, that I ſhall adopt it as my own for the reſt of my life; nor do I intend to omit that *part* of your day when we ſaw you *not*.——Here a ſilence, an expreſſive ſilence, enſued.—After a few minutes, I took him by the hand, and ſaid, Give an old man leave to exclaim, May that God who hears you make this declaration, who has followed us through the whole of this day, keep you, and bleſs you in your good purpoſes!—He bowed his thanks; and we all continued converſing till midnight, in the moſt chearful, friendly, and delightful manner.

I ſhall only add my beſt wiſhes, and the hearty friendſhip of your own

MENTOR.

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LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,

WRITE me word, by return of the poſt, what has cauſed that melancholy, which, though concealed, the eye of a friend can ſee hangs over every line of your laſt letter. I think you are too good to be caſt down by a trifle, too virtuous to have been guilty of any error of conduct to cauſe ſelf-reproach, and of too open a diſpoſition to hide any thing that concerns yourſelf, too ſincere (and therefore you ſay nothing) to ſay you are happy when you are not ſo. If I gueſs right, ſome friend is labouring under affliction, or ſome pang has touched your heart that you think will go too near mine. Forgive me, my ever deareſt child, if I endeavour to draw from you a grief which you harbour in ſecret. I am not of a prying temper; but your griefs, known or unknown, touch me ſo ſenſibly, that I cannot refrain from begging you, by all that friendſhip that has bleſſed my life, to unboſom yourſelf to me. Whatever it is that makes you unhappy, take care of your health; grief affects the body as well as the mind, and therefore it wants ſupport and care. This is

a duty

a duty you owe your friends, who love and honour you. ———

——While I was actually writing the above, the poſt-man knocked——My pen trembled in my hand, leſt he ſhould bring me a letter from you, though it was the thing I then was ſo earneſtly deſiring.——Oh my child! I feel for your grief.——I know not what to ſay, except what I hope in time will be your comfort, that you do not deſerve the wrongs you ſuſtain. Support yourſelf with the thought how much more poignant would be your ſorrow, if you did deſerve the uſage you have met with: you would then have two heavy additions to your ſorrow; the conſciouſneſs of your guilt, and the thought of having offended God. Look up then to Him for comfort and ſupport, who knows the integrity of your heart; and, though all have offended in ſome points, yet in that for which you ſuffer, you can appeal to the Searcher of the Hearts and Reins for your innocence. It is ſo great a conſolation, in afflictions of all ſorts, to feel an upright intention within, that I almoſt wonder that does not perſuade men to do right; for, when darkneſs overtakes us, when afflictions come, as they certainly will to every one more or leſs, (for trouble is as natural to man, as it is for the ſparks to fly upwards, ſays Job,)—when troubles, I ſay, befal us, then to be able to look

look up to God for ſupport, and to rely on his mercy to bring us out of them either here or hereafter, is the higheſt conſolation to the mind. To look upon them as trials of our virtue, rather than the rod of an angry God, is a joy in the midſt of ſorrow, and ſhould call upon us to exert ourſelves to the uttermoſt, that they may anſwer the end for which they were ſent: for when we ſuffer wrong and take it patiently, this is acceptable with God; but if we fret under afflictions, we loſe the benefit intended, and turn what was meant as a bleſſing into a curſe. We are tried in the fire, that we may come out purified; we are exerciſed by the hand of God, through his inſtruments, the children of men: let us, then, ever ſtrive to anſwer the fatherly correction, and by faith and patience prove indeed that we are the children of God.—Do not, my dear young lady, take this advice as a reproach, as if I thought you did not do your utmoſt to bear and to forbear: I know you too well for that; but every argument from me, I am ſure, has weight with you, and will ſtrengthen you in the reſolution you have already exerted. Accept my warmeſt thanks for your confidence, and for that tenderneſs which concealed your affliction in hopes it would blow over. I hope in time it may; but till that happy period, take comfort in all the bleſſings you have left;

and,

and, next to caſting your care upon Him who ſees and knows all your ſufferings, exert yourſelf in every ſecondary means of relieving your mind. Amuſe yourſelf with ſociety, with diverſions, with books; all this is neceſſary for your animal ſpirits, till they have regained their tone, and ſet your health right again. When this is done, your mind will be ſo far ſtrengthened as to look calmly at your affliction, and return to its uſual employments with its uſual pleaſure. There is no fear of your acquiring too great a reliſh for diverſions and trivial amuſements; I therefore the more ſtrongly recommend them, as I wiſh you by every innocent means to regain the tranquillity you have loſt.

It was but the day before your firſt letter came, that I was conſidering how very much thoſe people are miſtaken, who try to aſſure us that there is no real happineſs, or real miſery; that happineſs is a ſhadow, and that miſery may be ſent a packing by content. A man muſt have been very little converſant with either, who can put them on a chimerical footing. I have lived a long time in the world, if I reckon by the number of years I have lived; and I have lived almoſt double thoſe years, if I reckon by the varieties I have ſeen. I therefore think, as I have been an obſerver of, as well as a ſharer with, mankind, that I have ſome foundation for ſaying, that there is much real

evil

evil and much real good in the world; and that there are many miſerable and many happy people. I will allow that much of the evil is imaginary, and much of the good; but that a man, after having many years purſued an object of happineſs, and at length obtained it, finds himſelf diſappointed in his expectations, I do not think will always hold good. Whether that ſame object would make me or you happy, I do not ſay; but that it often makes the purſuer ſo, I have many times had reaſon to believe and to wonder at: nay, I have believed it to my ſorrow; for the object has been too mean to deſerve ſo much pains in the purchaſe, or to be ſo delighted with when got. In ſhort, moſt men have what is called a hobby-horſe, and on that they ride, and are delighted with it: they have all ſome purſuit, and if they get to the goal, they huzza. I acknowledge man is a progreſſive being, and, as ſuch, cannot ſtand ſtill: his wiſhes, his mind, are perpetually extending, and fluttering on to ſomething more; but ſtill what he has arrived at, he has made himſelf *happy* with, though not *ſatisfied*. The perpetual boaſting of every perſon we meet, might, I ſhould think, convince us of this matter. Some, I allow, are diſappointed, and find a croſs where they expected a bleſſing; but, in the general run, the miſchief ſeems more to lie in people's being

being happy with what they ought *not* to be happy with; at leaſt, with what they ſhould not think the ſupreme happineſs of their nature. To take pleaſure in our bleſſings is right and a duty, but to look on trifles as happineſs is not becoming rational, and, as I ſaid before, progreſſive creatures. Let us purſue worldly things, but let us purſue them as worldly things—with moderation. Let us enjoy them, when we gain them; but let us not ſet our affections on things on earth. We are immortal; let nothing unworthy of ſuch a nature ſatisfy us: let us be purſuing on to the end of our lives thoſe richer pleaſures of wiſdom, integrity, truth, and virtue, which will never fail us. As to afflictions, no doubt they really are; daily experience ſpeaks too ſtrong for books or preachers to reaſon them away. The very argument they uſe to diſprove them, eſtabliſhes the certainty of their exiſtence. If there were no ſorrows, there would be no ſuch virtue as content; were all perfectly happy, it would be all rapture, not content. To be content is a calm kind of negative happineſs, acceptable to God, and approved of men: it is the beſt ſubſtitute for happineſs; nay, becomes the trueſt happineſs, conſidered as procuring us the favour of God here, and everlaſting real joys hereafter. There are many people, I know, who have enjoyments in their power, and are not ſenſible of

them. This is an evil, as Solomon ſays, that I have ſeen under the ſun, and ſeen it much too often. To theſe people is always preached up content: but I do not allow it to belong to them; 'tis a virtue they do not need. They have no affliction; what is there then to be reſigned under? They have no wants; what are they then to ſit down contented without? All that is neceſſary for them, is to take off the ſcale which ſome fancy or other has caſt over their eyes; and to let them view things as they are. Shew them their bleſſings, and the way to enjoy them, and they will not want content; they will, with a chearful heart, enjoy the good things God has given them, and bind up their ſheaves with a thankful ſpirit. Many people overlook their bleſſings, and ſuppoſe their ſituation to be gloomy, when indeed it ſhines; and others, what is *more* ſurpriſing (becauſe leſs frequent, or elſe it would *not* be ſo), overlook things which *ought* to be afflictions. Theſe laſt perſons appear to be objects of envy; but they are far from being ſo. Whatever it is that we view in a falſe light, we are ſo far culpable, and as ſuch deſerving more pity than envy. To paſs over an event that was intended to awaken us to virtue, and to go on in an evil courſe, is no matter of envy; and this we may often ſee to be

the

the caſe, if we will but look around us. On the whole, then, it ſhould be our care to ſurvey every event, and every circumſtance in our lives and ſituation, by the mirror of truth, and let the repreſentation we ſee there guide our actions and conduct, and give us a rule whereby to ſet our judgments, and how to eſtimate our felicities and our miſeries. However darkly it may ſhew us things to come, it will be true to thoſe that are preſent, and will teach us that great leſſon, ſo hard to learn, the true eſtimate of our own lot; and *that* will teach us, that Faith, Hope, and Charity, will lead us on to Virtue, Happineſs, and Heaven.

MENTOR.

LETTER IX.

On TRIFLES *and* THOUGHT.

SITTING by my fire, or ſtrolling in my garden, or ſauntering on horſeback, ſtill I am thinking what can amuſe, can inſtruct, can pleaſe my dear Euphemia, or profit myſelf. Indeed, I am of opinion, there is no ſurer way of receiving benefit oneſelf than by inſtructing others. It is, I ſhould ſuppoſe, almoſt impoſſible for rational beings to give advice, to inſtruct, or to write a moralizing epiſtle, without reflecting whether the ſubject concerns themſelves, and whether, while they give leſſons, they likewiſe practiſe them. Happy, indeed, would it be, if the conſequence of that reflection was always what it ought to be, and we grew wiſer and better by our own inſtructions. However I may have failed in this reſpect, yet, I am perſuaded, ſome uſeful thoughts have hung longer on my mind by being communicated to you, or committed to paper. Every thought ſo ſet down, muſt be lengthened, and conſequently make a deeper

deeper impreſſion. Whatever ſubject is enlarged and elucidated, muſt leave a ſtronger bias towards it on the mind; and it is by that means adopted as a favourite child, and nouriſhed in the heart. The moſt trivial things become of conſequence, when dwelt upon; and it is, my dear, by trivial things we live: great actions, great objects, great affairs, are few, in compariſon of thoſe thouſand minute things that fill up our exiſtence. It is, therefore, in theſe Trifles, as they are called, that our happineſs may be greatly increaſed, and the circle of our pleaſures enlarged. I ſaunter out every day in ſearch of theſe calm kind of pleaſures; —pleaſures, which, if we will give them leave, will ſoothe the mind in affliction, and quiet it when ruffled, and delight it when at eaſe. I ſtroll into my wood, or into the fields, ready to be pleaſed with whatever occurs; and return with a harveſt of little joys, which raiſe my heart to that good Being, who ſaw every thing he had made, and, behold! it was very good.

And ſhall our Creator have formed every thing to give us delight, and we take none in them. This were ungrateful to Him, as well as a loſs to ourſelves. The flowers under our feet, the little birds in the tree, the variety in the ſky, all afford ample amuſement to a mind diſpoſed to be pleaſed. I do not ſpeak of that contemplative

turn of mind which ſome have; but of that chearful, innocent one, that lets in pleaſure, be it ever ſo ſmall, and receives for ſo doing the intereſt of complacency. But of all the delights of this ſort which the country affords, nothing, in my opinion, can equal, in the cloſe of a ſummer's evening, the ſauntering out with a book till it becomes too dark to read, and then retiring to a wood till the day is quite gone. This I experienced yeſternight. I had juſt read one of my favourite ſpectators, when the twilight began to be very faint: I cloſed my book, and ſtrolled to my uſual ſeat. For near a quarter of an hour, all was ſilent; the day ſunk away by degrees, and it was nearly dark, when the moon ſtole up, upon the world, and recalled the departed ſhadows. Still all was huſhed, till all at once, juſt over my head, a nightingale burſt out in her longeſt ſong. Soon the concert began, and from every hedge he was echoed by a brother warbler. I could have ſat for ages to feaſt on this concert. The northern lights, which were this night very lively, added to the pleaſure of the eye, while Philomel enchanted my ear:—but the village clock reminded me that it was time to retire; and I recollected, that, though I was too much delighted to be hungry, my ſervants would not thank me for deferring their meal.—— Theſe, my Euphemia, are among my calmer joys.

One

One of my moſt chearful conſiſts in having ſome of my little neighbours come and take a walk with me. One evening in a week I invite about three or four of thoſe that have read beſt at ſchool, to go out with me. They put on their Sunday's clothes, and, after having drank ſome milk, away we poſt; they hand in hand, till we get on ſome wide field, when out they ſet to gather me flowers: for, ſeeing me continually pick up and look at them, they think it the beſt return they can make me for my indulgence. I endeavour, however, to tell them, it is not numbers, but variety I want; and by that means I teach them to compare them: and pleaſing it is to ſee how earneſt ſome will be in their obſervations of the different form of the ſame looking flower. From this variety, I take occaſion to draw them to think how good God is to ſend ſo many pretty things for our amuſement. 'Tis delightful to me to watch their innocent minds, and to ſee the ſprightly chearfulneſs that attends all their actions. One, indeed, of theſe children has turned out ſo very excellent an artiſt in painting, that he is going to be put to a great maſter in London, and then to go abroad to a perſon who is a great floriſt, and is making a regular ſelection of wild flowers, intending to have them painted: another of my little companions proves a great mechanic, and I ſhall take care his

genius is not loſt.——I ſtill every year endeavour to think of ſomething which may be uſeful to theſe young creatures when I am gone:—a trifle may do much in tender minds.———

——When, my dear child, ſhall I be bleſſed with the ſight of you, and ſhew you my walks, my grove, and my children?

Your faithful

MENTOR.

LETTER X.

On GENEROSITY.

My dear Friend,

I AM ſet down to recollect thoſe remarks we uſed to make on that moſt delightful of all qualities, Generoſity. Its nature is ſo exalted, and the ſenſation it produces ſo exquiſite, that, where it takes poſſeſſion of the mind and heart, it is apt to weigh down all before it, and, without

proper

proper regulations, will ſubvert the cooler virtues of juſtice and charity, and baniſh all the calmer enjoyments of life. It has been doubted, whether the charitable donor, or the relieved receiver, feels the moſt pleaſure. Without diſcuſſing that point at this inſtant, though I may touch on it hereafter, I ſhall repeat what we agreed in when together, that the *generous* man's ſenſations of pleaſure far exceed his on whom he laviſhes his favours. The open hand and liberal heart are a continual feaſt, and thoſe to whom they belong look with pleaſure ineffable and uninterrupted on the many they have obliged; while, perhaps, though gratitude is full in the hearts of the receivers, yet in ſome corner the remembrance of better days ſprings up, and the recollection that once they too could give, checks the full tide of joy; and while the tear of thankfulneſs ſtands yet trembling in the eye, the tear of grief riſes up behind it, and mingles with the drops that wet the cheek.

Generoſity is captivating on a double account; it glows in the heart, and it reſounds in the ear. Many a juſt and charitable action lies hid in the ſhade, while an act of Generoſity is blazoned in the face of day, and receives the applauſe it merits. ——There are very few virtues which can be carried to exceſs; but this may. You may remember,

Euphemia,

Euphemia, that you was once led to do ſo generous an action, that you was unable for the remainder of the year to be either juſt or charitable. You told me of it with that openneſs which ever endeared you to me; and from that incident we took occaſion to ſettle our ideas of Generoſity in general. We agreed, that no one ought to be generous that was not juſt: and, indeed, I am very ſeriouſly of opinion, that the juſtice of paying dues is ſo much ſuperior to any other obligation, that the Generoſity that defrauds any one of his juſt demands, is ſo far from being praiſe-worthy, that it is criminal. The more applauſe we receive, and the more pleaſure we feel in giving with Generoſity, the more we ſhould guard againſt it: theſe are temptations we ought to reſiſt, and to be ever watchful againſt, as their object bears the reſemblance of virtue: nay, it is virtue when it is free to act; but till the cool demands of juſtice are ſatisfied, till the ſecret calls of charity are anſwered, then, and not till then, may Generoſity open her liberal hand. Neither, if we conſider the matter with the preciſion of truth, can we enjoy the true zeſt of liberality till conſcience at the ſame time approves the deed, and acquits us of any debt due to God or man. When a man can lay his hand on his heart, and ſay, I owe no man any thing, I am at quits with the trader, and

know

know of no one in ſilent grief whom I have not relieved, then may he open all the avenues of his heart; then may he pour out of his purſe the liberal gift; then may the full tide of joy flow in from every ſtream; then may friendſhip claim, and friendſhip ſatisfy; then may the applauſe of the world be joined to the approbation of God and the ſecret whiſpers of an approving conſcience: and while he receives the man he has obliged to his table and his confidence, he can reflect on the tears he has dried up in ſecret, and ſit down with the united bleſſings of the trader, the poor, and the diſtreſſed. Liberality has ſo many thouſand charms, that it requires a great degree of ſelf-denial not to anſwer all its demands. While I write, a thouſand inſtances occur to my mind, wherein I could with luxurious pleaſure feed that noble quality of the ſoul. Had I fortune equal to my feelings, I could raiſe this man to affluence, that man to a livelihood; I could ſend this man to ſea, and that to the army, and a third to the church; I could build a houſe for one, plant a garden for another, and, in ſhort, could run through a variety of generous actions, which would be delightful in the execution, and joyful to the receiver. But ſuch is my lot, that, after juſtice is ſatisfied, there remains but little; and as I take charity to be the nobleſt virtue under heaven, I think it my duty to

diſtribute

diſtribute the little overplus to thoſe objects who come within my knowledge, and who are only able to repay me with ſecret and ſilent thanks. In acts like theſe, the mind can find that pure, exalted pleaſure, which beſpeaks the immortality of the ſoul, and that certainty of the omniſcience of the Deity which no free-thinker can ever eraſe. To you, my dear Euphemia, I hope I may ſay it is now given to feel all the joys of juſtice, charity, and generoſity combined. Your fortune is noble; and, my dear child, conſider it was given you for noble ends. Render firſt to all their dues; next, ſeek out and liſten to the diſtreſſes of the patient ſufferer: feed the hungry; clothe the naked; give to the ſick. Then, Euphemia, open your ear to the diſtreſſes that demand a more helping hand, and which call for aſſiſtance of a larger ſize: the decayed gentleman, the broken trader, the unfortunate adventurer, the poor clergyman, are objects ſuited to the purſe of the liberal and the rich. To ſome a ſmall ſum would be of no aſſiſtance; 'tis from ſuch, thoſe of ſlender fortunes muſt turn away, though it coſt them many a ſigh; they have higher duties to perform: but on the rich theſe have a claim, and happy is it when the purſe and the hand agree. Charity is like the gentle ſhowers that fall in the night, and refreſh unſeen the drooping herbage; Generoſity, like the ſun, gilds every proſpect, and glads the face of day.

Thus,

Thus, my friend, while all around you are filled with draughts of comfort from the ſtreams that flow from your Generoſity, you yourſelf will be drinking deep from the fountain whence they riſe. Let no occaſion be loſt of doing a generous action, unleſs juſtice or charity forbid; and, if they do, let nothing prevail on you to do it. Recollect what you ſuffered from being obliged to ſend the trader from your door unſatisfied; recollect how every time you heard applauſe for the generous action, it grated in your ear like a diſcordant ſtring. But when all is right within, give to Generoſity the reins, and receive bleſſings from every quarter. Its calls are noble, and it tends to refine and elevate the mind; it takes off the thoughts from trifling and falſe pleaſures; it fills up the hours of vacuity with the moſt delightful employments and ſenſations; it gives a luſtre which a title without it cannot give; and it makes the rich man rich indeed.

Adieu,

MENTOR.

LETTER XI.

On a COUNTRY *and* CITY LIFE.

Primroſe Farm.

YOU aſk me, my dear friend, to give you my ſincere opinion which is moſt conducive to happineſs, a country or a city life? It is well you confined your query to opinion; for, had you aſked my inclination, I ſhould have only written my *date* in anſwer. But my opinions have been more puzzled on this than on any other ſubject; which is owing more to the variety of the temper of mankind than to the nature of the ſubject itſelf; as I believe, it will be allowed, without an argument, that, were perfection our preſent ſtate, the country would be ſo much our choice, that the alternative would not be in our power: for no proud domes, no lofty towers, no ſtore-houſes to diſtinguiſh man from man, would be any where to befound.—But we muſt view mankind as we find them; a reſtleſs, helpleſs, uſeleſs, ſet of beings, unleſs incorporated into ſociety. In this light I have looked at them again and again. I ſit ſtill in my Camera (as I call this cottage)

and

and let the human race paſs in review before me. I ſee Happineſs ſeated on a hill, to which all mankind are going. I ſee thouſands ſeemingly happy in the midſt of the hurry and noiſe of buſineſs, and, after buſtling from place to place, return home at night to their families and a friend or two, and think, becauſe they are happy, the city the only place for comfort and enjoyment. Next I ſee a young man ſeated in his phaeton driving furiouſly over the plain, and another walking ſlowly up and down his little garden, both declaring the town a deteſted place, the being in which is not to be called living. Then I ſee a fine lady ſloping away with a long train, and going to four or five aſſemblies, and declaring the ſupreme delight ſhe has in being come to town, for that ſhe only exiſted, but did not live, in the country. Immediately after I ſee a lady juſt returned to her country-ſeat, flying about from place to place, and ſeemingly eager to get a ſight of all the pleaſures that ſhe had relinquiſhed when ſhe left it, and at laſt ſhe walks over a lawn towards her little grove, attended by her children, who all play around her, while ſhe exclaims, Yes, my dears, this is ſomething like living; let us enjoy this delightful evening, for we have not enjoyed one theſe two months. After theſe paſs in ſucceſſion the grumblers of the town and country. Here a gentleman on horſeback

rides

rides over his grounds, and calmly looks round on the beauties of nature; then guides his horſe home, throws himſelf into a chair, and remains idle and ſplenetic, deploring his hard fate, to be obliged to live entirely in the country, and muttering reſolutions to ſell all and take a houſe in town, that he may have ſomething to do, and ſomething to amuſe himſelf with. Next to him I ſee a middle-aged man in the midſt of the great city, ſpent with fatigue, and execrating his buſineſs, which confines him to the town, where he has no free air, no amuſements: he reſolves, in his turn, to realize, and retire into the country, that he may have nothing to do but take care of his farm, and ſpend his evenings as he will. In ſhort, the ſplenetic and the gay were ſo promiſcuouſly blended, and ſo equal in city and country, that I think impartiality muſt oblige me to own, that happineſs is not confined to any one ſpot or ſituation of life; it depends chiefly on a perſon's own caſt of mind, and ſecondarily on the good or evil events that mark his life. Affliction will for a while make the mind inſenſible to every joy, and neither towns nor countries can alleviate ſorrow: the happy, in like manner, are happy in a little alley, in a dirty town, or in a villa on the banks of a river. Still, however, let me indulge myſelf with ſaying (and I hope with equal truth and delight),

that

that the pleaſures the country affords are of a ſuperior and more refined nature than any the gayeſt city can offer. I will ſuppoſe a family happy in themſelves, and with minds capable of being ſo (for it is not all minds that are ſo). How can we place them in a city or a country-town to enjoy their happineſs? Are not the higheſt pleaſures afforded here confined, and will they not in time ſatiate? Will not age caſt off many of their amuſements, and will not even friends (the greateſt delight of a town) drop off, ſome to one place, ſome to another? Will not cuſtoms change, and muſt we not adopt the preſent, though we reliſh them not? Freedom, that ineſtimable jewel, is but imperfectly enjoyed in a town. The very air wants liberty; and our time, our dreſs, our manners, muſt be in ſome degree under reſtraint.—But turn to the country; carry this happy family to ſome beautiful and luxurious ſpot, where nature has been bountiful, and liberty ſpreads her wings and ſoars aloft,——they ride, they walk, they hunt, they fiſh, they read, they meditate, they plant, they build; they ſpend their evenings with their neighbours or at home, uncontrolled; their time is their own; they may ſtudy or be idle, have friends or be alone, juſt as they will:—heaven and earth open all their treaſures, and the fruits and flowers, the luxuries of

nature, flow from every ſide, and contribute to their health and pleaſure, raiſing their minds to the Author of them all, who ſaw every thing that he had made, and behold! it was very good.

I have now, my good friend, complied with your requeſt, and hope I have ſatisfied you that Happineſs is not partial to one ſpot, but that ſhe reſides in every place. And merciful it is that habit occaſions us to think well of our particular ſituation; it would be a great aggravation, or rather an addition to the miſeries of life, if place was in general a ſubject of grief: for, though I have *ſeen*, in my ſuppoſed camera, grumblers in different ſituations, yet I believe the diſcontented are much fewer in number than thoſe who are pleaſed with their lot, and more are ready to boaſt of, than to find fault with it.—Before I conclude, I muſt remind you, which I ſhall be apt to do again and again, that happineſs conſiſts in the fewneſs of our wants. We want but little, nor that little, long; and ſince our real wants are few, we ſhould take care that our wiſhes are few alſo. If abundance comes, let us enjoy it, and be thankful; but if that is not our lot, we ſhould, for our own eaſe, avoid the wiſhing for it,—and not only for that, but we ſhould not, if we value happineſs, wiſh for any thing we do not poſſeſs. I don't mean to ſay, if we are unhappy, or in pain, we

ſhould

ſhould not wiſh for happineſs and eaſe (though even then moderation and acquieſcence will contribute to allay our troubles); but, I mean, in a ſtate of ſufficiency. The forbearance I recommend brings with it unutterable comfort; diſpoſes us to be eaſy and chearful, to let the world go as it will, to let events come or come not without anxiety, and to believe that whatever does not fall to our ſhare, is not fit for us to have, and has prevented many anxieties which generally attend every additional gain. Whatever you have, my dear child, enjoy to the full; whatever you have not, be eaſy without it. Need I add arguments to prove that this is the beſt road to happineſs, or rather is happineſs itſelf.

May you, ſuch is my heartfelt wiſh! enjoy your preſent comforts for many years, and hereafter receive all that happineſs your virtues deſerve!

Your ever faithful

MENTOR.

LETTER XII.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,

YOU will wonder what has kept me ſilent ſo long; though, if pens and tongues were as buſy in this part of the world as in yours, you would ere now have heard a thouſand ſtrange things about your friend. Methinks I hear you ſay, in the benevolence of your heart, what ſtrange things can I hear of Mentor, whoſe ſteady courſe of life affords no ſubject for ſcandal? There has, however, Euphemia, been ſufficient for the venomed tongue to catch at of late; but, thanks to my good fortune, I am placed in a rational neighbourhood, who believe and think no further than they ſee and know. Your curioſity (though you have leſs of it than uſually falls to the lot of your ſex) is, I fancy, by this time on tip-toe; ſit down then calmly, and hear my ſtory. About a month ago I was ſitting in the grove near my houſe, and writing to you, my friend, when my dog ſuddenly ſtarted from my feet, jumped over the hedge, and began barking in a manner he was not accuſtomed to. Rouſed by this ſagacious creature's anger, I went to the place, and ſaw lying on the ground a young

a young woman, well dreſſed and aſleep, and a dirty old woman very buſy about her. I followed my dog's example, and jumped over the hedge, which ſtartled the old woman, who, taking to her heels, ran away, and my faithful Spaniel after her. I ſoon found, by the ſpoils ſhe dropped, that ſhe was plundering this young woman, and that ſhe could not poſſibly belong to her. The noiſe of the dog not waking the young woman, I began to fear ſhe was dead; but, on a cloſer view, perceiving ſhe breathed, I concluded that exceſs of fatigue had overpowered her nature. The wretch that was fled had dropped a handkerchief which was white, and marked A F in the corner: this denoted the owner to be ſomewhat above a common beggar. I began to conſider what to do; and ſoon reſolved to ſecure the handkerchief (turn thief you ſee), and ſend out my houſe-keeper to watch the young woman's waking, and offer her ſome nouriſhment. It was above an hour before ſhe opened her eyes. My woman concealed herſelf for ſome time, to obſerve her firſt emotions. Theſe ſeemed to indicate gratitude for her refreſhment; for ſhe graſped her hands and raiſed her eyes to heaven; but ſoon looking round her, ſhe fell into a flood of tears. My ſervant then appeared, on which ſhe ſtarted up, but fell down again through faintneſs and fatigue. She caſt her

eyes on the ſervant, who offered her ſome broth; which ſhe accepted and devoured without uttering a word. Nature ſeemed in hunger to have buried for the time all other ſenſations: when that was ſomewhat abated, ſhe again ſhed tears, and with a faultering voice ſhe returned thanks for what had been given to her, adding it was two days ſince ſhe had eaten any thing. By the loſs of her handkerchief and ſome other pocket things, ſhe found ſhe had been robbed; upon which my ſervant told her how I had found her. She lifted up her eyes again to heaven. I then went to her, impatient to give her ſome aſſiſtance, and to learn what could have brought her to her preſent ſituation. She at firſt refuſed my offers, and ſeemed to doubt the truth of every one that ſpoke; but nature, quite worn out, compelled her to accept of them, and we led her into the houſe. I aſked her no queſtions; for ſhe ſeemed to claim every tenderneſs, by the reduced ſtate ſhe was then in. I ordered a room to be got ready, and the ſame perſon to attend her. She ſuffered us to lead her up ſtairs, on the top of which ſhe fainted, and was long before ſhe came to herſelf. Gratitude to God and myſelf ſhe expreſſed by ſilent motions; ſhe was too feeble to ſpeak. Nature, unuſed to ſuch fatigue, was quite exhauſted. For two days ſhe remained in her room, only able to ſpeak her thanks

thanks in a whiſper, but aſſuring me, if ſhe ſhould live and I would hear, ſhe would communicate to me the cauſe of her miſery. Still, however, doubt hung on her brow, and I could obſerve a watchfulneſs whenever the door opened. I at length concluded either that ſhe feared ſhe was purſued, or that ſhe thought I knew her enemies, and would deliver her up to them. Her agitation at the ſight of a chaiſe at my door one morning confirmed my ſuſpicions: I therefore aſſured her that the perſons in it were neighbours of mine; that I knew not who ſhe was, neither would I tell any one ſhe was there, nor take any ſtep in reſpect to her, till ſhe had told me her ſtory. She thanked me on her knees, and ſobbed aloud. I haſtened from her and was obliged to ſtep a few moments into my ſtudy, before I could compoſe myſelf to go to my viſitors.——As ſoon as ſhe was able (and indeed before ſhe ought) ſhe deſired to tell me her ſtory; but, ſays ſhe, I don't expect you to believe it; time only can prove it. I led her down to my ſtudy, and ordering all viſitors to be denied, aſſured her ſhe need not fear any interruption. She told me her father was a gentleman in Northumberland of a thouſand a year; her mother well born; that they had many ſons and another daughter. Among the young men that came to ſee her brothers, was a gentleman who took

particular notice of her, and, after a length of time, offered himſelf firſt to her, and then to her parents. He had a good eſtate, and was not diſagreeable to her. The match was agreed to; every thing went on as uſual; and at the end of two months the day was fixed for her wedding. The day arrived; the gentleman, ſhe ſaid, ſhe obſerved to be in uncommon haſte, but ſhe hoped it to be the effect of his love. To be ſhort, they were married; and as they were returning from church, to which, being very near, they walked, attended by numbers of the pariſh, where I found ſhe was much beloved, a coach and ſix drove furiouſly up to them: a gentleman who was in it ordered the coachman to ſtop, and he and a lady with a wild fury in their countenances approached this, before, happy train, and demanded to know the occaſion of their appearance. So extraordinary a queſtion, ſaid ſhe, aſked in ſuch a manner, from an entire ſtranger, aſtoniſhed her parents almoſt too much to ſpeak; but my father, at length, anſwered, That he was celebrating a daughter's marriage, and begged to know the cauſe of ſuch an extraordinary interruption. The cauſe is great enough, ſaid the gentleman: that young man, who I conclude is the bridegroom, is my ſon, whom you have ſeduced away, and who is already lawfully married to this lady (pointing to the

the lady whom he held in his right hand), and is the father of ſeveral children. The confuſion and aſtoniſhment of the whole company, continued ſhe, was greater than I can deſcribe, or indeed had time or power to attend to. I was myſelf ſcarce ſenſible; but rouſed by ſeeing my dear mother fall to the ground in a fit, I flew towards her, but before I could get to her, I found myſelf conveyed away by force in the arms of the wretch who had deceived me, and who was, I ſuppoſe, prepared for this event. With quickneſs almoſt incredible, he lifted me into a high phaeton, and flew away with the ſwiftneſs of lightning. I verily believe we were ten miles off in the ſpace of a few minutes. In this whirlwind I loſt my ſenſes ſeveral times; and it is not to be expreſſed what I ſuffered when I returned to them, and found myſelf ſtill flying away from my wretched family, and with the man my ſoul now abhorred, though he once was dear to me. As ſoon as the horſes, from exceſs of fatigue, began to ſlacken their pace, I tried to collect my thoughts, and to prepare myſelf to make my eſcape the firſt favourable moment. Not a word, you may be ſure, was uttered; the villain, conſcious of his guilt, durſt not even once look at me. He ſtopped (I believe it might be near thirty miles from my ever dear home) at a ſmall ale-houſe to give the horſes hay. The poor people

people offered us ſomething, and I believe I looked indeed as if I wanted refreſhment; but he churliſhly anſwered no, and ſet off again at the ſame rate we went at firſt. I was juſt ſinking with deſpair, when, providentially, the horſes, enlivened by their refreſhment, and maddened by their maſter's laſhes, grew reſtive, and, after much danger to our lives, violently ſet off, and really ran away, galloping with the fury of wild creatures. He, intent on ſtopping them and ſaving our lives, ſtooped to pull in and ſhorten the reins in his hand; when getting out of his poiſe, the velocity of the animals threw him between them, and he fell into the road. What became of him I know not. The horſes continued their pace, or rather increaſed it upon finding no reſtraint, and I was carried out of ſight in an inſtant. The ſervant, who could not keep up with us before, I concluded, would ſtop, when he came to his maſter; and I could not help (though then in the greateſt danger of my life) thanking Heaven for my deliverance. How far I was carried, or where, I know not. Night came on apace. At length the horſes got entangled in their harneſs, and once more ſlackened their pace. I ſeized an opportunity of jumping from the carriage, and getting over the firſt ſtile I ſaw, that I might not be ſeen on the road, I walked night and day, without

going

going near any houſe, following different paths, till, ſpent paſt all power of exertion, I fell down where you, Sir, found me.

The length of this narrative gives me only time to remark (being unwilling to defer ſending this till another poſt, leſt you ſhould be uneaſy), that it proves, what I have mentioned to you often, that no perſons ought to enter the marriage ſtate without ſtrict enquiry into each other's former conduct.

This young lady has now been with me a month. I have written to her friends, to aſſure them ſhe is ſafe,—I cannot ſay well; for ſhe continues in a very weak ſtate.—How ſhe got to this place is to me ſtill very ſurpriſing, it being above four ſcore miles from her father's houſe, and in a very intricate country; but I conclude the poor creature choſe to keep out of the common roads, to avoid purſuit. She ſeems of a mild and amiable temper, and good underſtanding.—May my Euphemia never be put to ſuch a trial!

Yours, &c.

MENTOR.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

On FRIENDSHIP.

I DO not think it neceſſary, Euphemia, in friendſhips to ſhew unbounded confidence. There may, ſurely, be degrees in friendſhip; and it may be as ſincere in the loweſt degree as in the higheſt, and for this reaſon—becauſe *I* am the ſame perſon to every one for whom I feel a friendſhip, therefore I can truſt myſelf, and can be ſure that I ſhall do all the ſervice in my power, and be as tenacious of the ſecrets of one as of the other; but yet it may be prudent for me to be more reſerved to ſome than the others, for they may not be all of the ſame diſpoſition, though amiable enough to excite my love; they may not all equally wiſh for mine, and, in the caſe where they have many they prefer to me, they may poſſibly be induced to reveal what I meant only to entruſt with them. Indeed, retaining a ſecret is ſo very rare a quality, that nothing but a very long acquaintance, cloſe obſervation, and, I could almoſt be prompted to add, a *neceſſity* to do ſo, ſhould

ſhould induce us to reveal any material ſecret affair to any one. Our own breaſt is the ſafeſt cabinet; and we, oftener than we are aware, put thoſe to whom we unboſom ourſelves in difficulty; for others, knowing their intimacy with us, perhaps, perſons who for ſome reaſon or other wiſh to become acquainted with the ſecret, and whom we are moſt deſirous to conceal it from, will frequently queſtion our friends ſo cloſely, that they either are forced, as it were, to a diſcloſure in direct terms, or by their embarraſſment ſufficiently diſcover what they wiſh to conceal. I do not mean to encourage a cold reſerve, but a prudent one; and I adviſe you (or, if you pleaſe, myſelf) never to entruſt any thing with others, which they do not care for the charge of, or which is likely to be burdenſome to them by any means.

I fear you will, by this time, think I am acting as I ſay the parſons do, and preaching againſt my text. I own the charge in part: however, mind, I do not preach againſt Friendſhip, but againſt the rules which moſt think neceſſary in it. I know "there is a friend that is dearer than a brother;" and where that is the caſe, and you are ſure you are beloved as *well* as you love, then open your breaſt, tell your joys, your ſorrows, your failings, and your virtues. But this is a

rare

rare caſe; at leaſt, I have ſeldom found that I was loved with that warmth with which I loved. —To all our friends Friendſhip demands that our ears be ever open, and that we are ready, upon all occaſions, to do them either the moſt eſſential or the moſt trifling ſervice; for here lies one great expreſſion of Friendſhip, that we refuſe not the ſlighteſt occaſion of ſhewing it, and in the minuteſt trifle endeavour to pleaſe and ſerve a friend. This will prove it (at leaſt to ourſelves) a Friendſhip from the heart. Hear all they ſay; and, if they truſt any thing to your confidence, plunge it deep in your boſom, never to be brought to light. If an active friendſhip is required, ſpare no pains to prove it ſincere; conſider how charming ſuch a friend would be to you, and do as you would be done by. Let the happineſs of your friends be dear to you, and their ſorrows call your tears; and let no buſineſs, and more eſpecially no pleaſures, of your own, debar them of your comfort and counſel. Let truth govern all your words, and do not expreſs more, nor perhaps to ſome quite ſo much as you feel.

I would adviſe you to cultivate particularly the Friendſhip of perſons in years; the love they will conceive for you will be ſincere; and, as they are gone beyond your line, envy will not ſtop that beſt kind of Friendſhip, the offering you their

real

real ſentiments on any matter of ſerious moment. I may more eaſily give you this advice, my Euphemia, becauſe I know, nay I *feel* it is ſuch as is agreeable to your own inclination. May I ever enjoy your Friendſhip! Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

On MARRIAGE.

I NOW am going, my dear Euphemia, to treat of a ſubject which is in general thought of the *utmoſt* importance. That *I* do not think it ſo, my placing ſo many before it ſtrongly teſtifies. That it is of *great* conſequence to ourſelves, and alſo to others, is very certain. The ſubject I allude to is Marriage; and, indeed, I think it of more importance, with regard to others, than we are aware of; and, I believe, were we in general to anticipate a little the happineſs or unhappineſs which our connection would give *to* others, and the reſpect or ridicule we ſhould receive *from* others, on the occaſion, it would often prevent our

our falling into diſeſteem, or being the cauſe of uneaſineſs.—But I am departing from rule, and enlarging upon circumſtances before I ſpeak upon the ſubject itſelf. Forgive inaccuracy on this, which is ſeldom guided by rule. Marriage, I think in itſelf an indifferent action: none can be extremely miſerable for the want of it, and none can be extremely happy without it. Your ſex, my dear Euphemia, ſeems leſs in need of it than the other. Naturally born for home, you do not, on ſallying from it, wiſh at your return to find a companion; and much ſeldomer is a woman doomed to be alone than a man. While her parents live, ſhe has a home; whereas the ſon, perhaps, lives ſolitary on a ſeparate eſtate, or is ſeparated by ſome profeſſion. If parents fail, ſtill ſome companion is left; ſome kind aunt, ſome relation, foſters and takes care of her, leads her into ſociety, and is herſelf her companion. A man is either too proud, or too little courted, to wiſh for, or to have, protection and guidance from others. When his parents die, if not before, he wanders into the world too like a roaring lion, ſeeking whom he may devour; or, if of a domeſtic diſpoſition, he is alone in the midſt of company: but your ſex, unaccuſtomed to be thus let looſe into the world, feels not, I ſhould imagine, that vacuity, which ours does, without a conſtant

ſtant companion. The various little occupations, too, which belong to you, help to fill the vacancies of time and thought; while man, whoſe mind is generally employed on great matters, ſeldom condeſcends to relax it with trifles. I ſpeak not this to our praiſe, for the greateſt men have ofteneſt been found in amuſements of a trifling nature, certainly ſhewing, by that means, the capaciouſneſs of their underſtanding, as well as the goodneſs of their hearts: and I look upon it as one of the happieſt traits in my diſpoſition, that I ever could inſtantly turn from the moſt ſerious to the gayeſt topic, or from the gayeſt to the moſt ſerious; from talking of the tendereſt or moſt afflicting ſubjects, to matters of the ſmalleſt moment. You know, my dear Euphemia, what deep afflictions have "harrowed up my ſoul;" and, had it not been for this delightful pliability (as Yorick agreeably expreſſes it) of temper, I had certainly ſunk under them, notwithſtanding my entire acquieſcence in the juſtice of God.—But to return: if man employs his time and his underſtanding as he ought, either in deep ſtudies, in examining the diſcoveries of others, and making diſcoveries of his own, or in following with attention the buſineſs of his calling; he wants ſome kind friend, ſome amiable companion, to ſoften and relax his harſher hours. He returns

to his ſtudy exhilarated and revived, and with his underſtanding quickened, by the agreeable converſation of a ſenſible, lively wife. Is buſineſs his walk of life, here too he wants relief from the cares and croſſes that continually ariſe. In every ſituation a female companion is deſirable to take off the concerns of life, and ſoothe the mind to gentleneſs and peace. But, as this is the chief benefit, the moſt deſirable employment of a wife, ſurely it is of the utmoſt conſequence whether we chuſe one qualified to give us thoſe ſatisfactions or not. Can any thing be more mortifying, than for a man to leave his cloſet to ſolace himſelf with an hour of agreeable converſation, and to find the very reverſe; to find ſome trifling, ridiculous topic on the carpet, or ſome complaint of a fooliſh nature to be laid before him, for his immediate remedy? Or what can be more vexatious, than for a buſy man to fly to his home to forget his cares, and there finding a fretful wife, to be obliged to fly back to his buſineſs as an amuſement, which but juſt before he had left as a toil? Of ſuch conſequence is it to chuſe well on our ſide.—But methinks I hear you ſay, "This is nothing to me." Why in truth ſo it appears; and yet, by ſhewing what wives we want, it ſhews you what you ſhould be. Though we, fooliſhly, ſeldom chuſe ſo as to ſuit ourſelves, yet it is very poſſible, by the attention

tention of the party choſen, to make matters firſt appear better (than they are), and then to make them really ſo: but it is beſt of all for you to avoid entering into the ſtate without a thorough knowledge of the party you are going to live with, and, give me leave to ſay, of yourſelf too.— Without ſuppoſing any very particular diſpoſition in the man, yet it is always neceſſary that the woman ſhould have a kind of evenneſs of temper, a calm ſedateneſs, that will be the beſt ſecurity of her preſent happineſs, and the only one againſt unforeſeen occurrences. But, believe me, when I ſay, that there are few, very few men indeed, who, from their education, the company they have kept, their manner of life, or ſome circumſtance or other, have not acquired ſomething peculiar in their diſpoſition; and it is moſt probable, it will remain quite unknown to the woman till after ſhe is married to him; nay, it is poſſible it may be ſo to himſelf: matrimony is a new ſtate to him, and may call forth many diſpoſitions which till then he was not aware of. Here then a woman need poſſeſs a placid temper, that calmly perceives and endures the peculiar bent of her companion. She ſhould be careful to bring with her all the charms of the mind; and whatever diſpoſitions ſhe finds moſt agreeable to him, that tend moſt, not to indulge, but to allay and ſoften

his peculiarities, thoſe ſhe ſhould cultivate with the utmoſt care, and above all maintain a chearful countenance. This gladdens the heart of man; and while he enjoys her company, he ſees her ſweetneſs, feels her chearful compliance with all his reaſonable deſires, rejoices in his happineſs, and endeavours to return, by the tendereſt affection and attention, her kind and gentle regard. She ſhould alſo conſider that it is more than probable ſhe is not the firſt object of his affections. It very ſeldom happens, that a man gains the firſt woman he is attached to: it was moſt likely a haſty affection that was let looſe without a moment's conſideration, and therefore was unſucceſsful, from ſome unforeſeen circumſtance: in this caſe, though he gets the better of his paſſion, yet it may leave ſome little effects of the diſapointment behind. A wife muſt conſider, too, that men are ſeldom taught to ſubdue their paſſions: they learn all knowledge but the knowledge of themſelves; are perhaps guided by good counſel againſt vice, but are ſeldom guided by good counſel to cultivate the virtues, much leſs that great and neceſſary one, a command of temper. I do not write this in excuſe of our ſex (though in truth it is notorious for many faults), but to ſhew you, how very neceſſary it is for a woman to balance, by her own good government

of

of herſelf, the turbulent paſſions of her huſband; —how ſhe ought to pity and to excuſe thoſe rough ſides of his temper, which his education has rather made more ſo than otherwiſe;—how neceſſary, laſtly, to render his life happy, by qualifying his aſperities with the grateful tribute of a well-ordered temper. There are few men, but, with a thorough good opinion of their wives, may be led to calm their own paſſions, and inwardly if not outwardly acknowledge their obligations for it to the good ſenſe of their companion. Let me intreat you, laſtly, never to looſe ſight of civility and attention: I do not mean a preciſe formality; but always to ſhew that reſpect yourſelf, which you wiſh your company to pay to your huſband. This, let me aſſure you, is a very engaging part of a woman's conduct. It often occurs to the mind of the man, that he was obliged to his wife for ſuch and ſuch civilities, which otherwiſe he might not have received. It engages him to ſhew her the ſame attention; and a woman never appears to ſuch advantage as when ſhe receives any marks of attention and civility from her huſband. But if you ſhould be ſo unhappy (which I hope your prudence will prevent) as to meet with a man who ſlights you, and is not even grateful for your attentions, never relax your own duty, but con-

tinue to regard him, particularly in company, with civility and reſpect. This will guard you, at leaſt, from the impertinent importunities of thoſe who ſee you are ſlighted, and therefore imagine it a favourable time to advance; but, if they find you take no notice of the diſregard of your huſband, but pay him all your attentions, they will think it loſt labour in themſelves to endeavour to engage them, which is their only aim. They wiſh for admiration, and therefore give it; they are fooliſh enough to wiſh to be marked with civilities, and therefore they freely give their own: and when a man ſlights his wife, they think pride will pique her to receive (and *ſeem* at leaſt pleaſed with) a different behaviour from others. But let me tell you, with great ſerioufneſs, that this is almoſt a certain way for a wife to loſe all the affection as well as attention of her huſband.—Affection is not ſo ſoon extinguiſhed as we are apt to imagine; there are ſparks which are long going out. Though the flame be ſunk, and the warmth of it for a time be ſcarce to be felt, yet a right, ſteady, ſenſible conduct will almoſt certainly rekindle the affection; and, if it is not blown up to its original fervour, will probably burn with a pure and undying luſtre for the remainder of life. But a woman that ſuffers her pride to pique her to regard the aſſiduities of another

ther man, lays up in ſtore for herſelf bitter days: her conduct leaves the huſband, he thinks, at liberty to purſue his pleaſures, and he *actually* indulges himſelf in thoſe which perhaps, before, he only *ſeemed* to follow: he is piqued in his turn, and leaves her defenceleſs to the tongue of ſcandal and impertinence, and then home grows irkſome to him; for how can he experience civility at home, which has been renounced abroad? But, on the other hand, if he has ſeen no remiſſion of attention on her part (though he is conſcious he deſerved it) when in company, he has the ſatisfaction to think he ſhall be received with the ſame at home; and, by degrees, as I have obſerved, he may be induced to return it.—You will, my ſweet friend, I fear, be both tired of my harangue, and piqued with the picture I have given you of a married life, and of the men in general, ſo different from thoſe divine creatures which the very obliging novels draw out to our view. I hope that ſome ſuch beings may exiſt of both ſexes as they paint, but they are rarely to be found. We muſt take the natural run of people, and pick out the beſt among them for our friends and companions: and, as a huſband is one for *life*, (which is a circumſtance I would adviſe you ſeriouſly to conſider,) I think you ſhould take care, that your companion is your friend, in

order to which he ſhould, my dear Euphemia, be *capable* of *friendſhip*. Without qualities which can make him capable of *that*, it may be depended upon, he is not worth your thoughts. A great many things happen in the courſe of our lives, which make us want a friend, an affectionate and indulgent friend; loſs of relations and children, ſickneſs or many other ſorrows, great or ſmall, ſome the conſequence of the married ſtate, and others that have no immediate reference to it: in all theſe we wiſh for, nay we want, ſupport, comfort, indulgence, and kindneſs. From whom can a wife ſo properly, or with ſo much pleaſure, receive them as from her companion and huſband? He ſhould chear and ſupport her, by his example and by affection, if he be not himſelf immediately concerned. But, if a huſband be incapable of friendſhip, he will moſt certainly leave his wife to her feelings, and wait at a diſtance till her griefs are over. Let me then beg of you, my dear Euphemia, to examine, by every means in your power, into the temper of the perſon who may endeavour to gain your affections. If he has ſhewn little or no attention to any of his own family, be aſſured he wants tenderneſs of heart; and without that you cannot have laſting happineſs. A buſy (I do not mean a reſtleſs) turn of mind is alſo deſirable: a man that can employ himſelf,

himſelf, is more likely to adorn a married life, then one who is continually dependent on others for employment. But, upon the whole, whatever are his employments, whatever his rank, ſearch narrowly into his temper: on that muſt ultimately depend your happineſs; it is that which continually cauſes either your comforts or your ſorrows; it meets you in the morning, continues to harraſs, or to make you eaſy, all the day.

I conclude this long letter with again reminding you, that a woman is never more under the obſervation of her huſband, then when he ſeems to neglect her, nay, when he *does* neglect her. He is never more ſubject to jealouſy than when he leaves her unguarded by his own attentions: while he gives her thoſe, he thinks and believes he has a return; but, when conſcious that he does not deſerve it, his eye never fails to watch if ſhe transfer them to another. Gratitude and ſelf-reproach keep working in his breaſt, when he finds he receives thoſe attentions, unremitted, from the perſon whoſe heart he but a little while ago endeavoured to gain.—That you, my dear Euphemia, may never meet with theſe trials, but glide ſmooth and even, like your temper, through life, is the ſincere wiſh of your friend,

MENTOR.

You will take notice I have avoided mentioning Fortune in reſpect to marriage. It is ſo different in the various ranks of life, and, in compariſon of other qualifications, ſo immaterial, that I ſhall only obſerve, that a ſufficiency, according to our ſituation in life, is neceſſary to be attended to. Marriage brings ſo many ſtruggles of other ſorts, that it were beſt not to lay a foundation for adding that of diſtreſs of pocket to the number. Riches may be either bleſſings or curſes; but a competence certainly prevents much unhappineſs.

LETTER XV.

SINCE I wrote to you laſt, my ever dear child, I have been on the confines of that world from whence we never can return. Oh, why ſhould that thought cauſe a dread in our minds?—I had been ſitting in my new plantation, when on a ſudden I was ſeized with a giddineſs, and fell from my ſeat. My ſervants (to whoſe watchful care I owe my preſent life), ſurpriſed that I did not come home at my accuſtomed hour, came to ſeek me,

me, and found me on the ground.—No matter to be particular—I kept my bed four days, expecting every one to be my laſt. What ſhall I ſay? Shall I own the truth, or conceal it, leſt I appear preſumptuous? But to you, who know me, I will confeſs, that the thoughts of being ſo near Heaven gave me a pleaſure which I cannot expreſs, though I hope never to forget. I knew that my faults and my failings had been without number; but I reflected, and *that* was my comfort, *that* made me hope, that I had ſeen, lamented, and forſaken my evil inclinations, and that I ſtrove againſt every failing; that I had made *myſelf* my *ſtudy*, and my *amendment* my *employment*, and my good qualities my joy. I conſidered that, if I lived, I ſhould ſtill ſin, and ſtill be repenting; for "what man is he that liveth and ſinneth not?"—and that, if my time was come, it might be to prevent ſorrows, and mercy was ever open to the ſtriver againſt ſin.

I calmly looked round to the world that was receding from my ſight, and, with a degree of pleaſure not to be defined, to that to come. Oh, what a change ſeemed going to be made in my ſituation! A world of certainties, inſtead of a world of uncertainties; a world of permanent, inſtead of a world of precarious happineſs; a world of undivided, inſtead of a world of mixed joys.

It

It has pleaſed Heaven, however, to call me back to life, and its will be done. I return to the world (I had more properly ſaid to life; for the world I have long forſaken) with new reſolves to keep my heart with all diligence, to guard my words that they convey no evil, and that all my actions ſhall be innocent or profitable. Believe me, dear friend, the next world is worth preparing for, and in the preparation we loſe nothing in this that is of real value. No, Euphemia; while on the bed of ſickneſs, I eſtimated the falſe and true pleaſures, and found enough of the laſt, in the ways of virtue, to pay for all the ſtruggles in avoiding the firſt: and if to the reward of peace and tranquillity in ourſelves, and eſteem and love from others, together with a longer continuance of that happineſs here which virtue brings; for certainly the ſinner's pleaſures here are of ſhorter duration than the good man's; if, I ſay, to all theſe advantages we had the hopes of hereafter, to which the eye of faith will ever be looking up, how does the life of religion and morality tranſcend all the giddy delights this world has to offer! —— To you, my dear friend, theſe thoughts are needleſs, but that every thing which can add ſtrength to goodneſs, is, I think, deſerving of regard. —— In my ſickneſs I wiſhed for your kind converſation, and my mind often thought on your

ſorrow;

ſorrow; but I live, my Euphemia, once more, nay perhaps often, to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your true Friend,

MENTOR.

LETTER XVI.

On EDUCATION.

MY late dangerous illneſs prevented my ſending you my thoughts on Education, which ſubject would naturally have followed the laſt on which I wrote. I am perhaps better qualified for that taſk by the exit I was lately near making out of this life, which has ſhewn me more fully the great importance of an early foundation of upright and ſerious principles. I aſſure you, Euphemia, every good inſtruction and every caution I had received from my excellent parents recurred to my memory, and ſeemed to be a kind of outline by which to examine my paſt life; and I thought I could

I could trace, in every good action of my life, the lines of it back to the precepts of my youth.

The firſt thing that ſhould be impreſſed on the mind of a child is Religion. By this I do not mean its getting by rote a few words, and being driven to ſay them night and morning by way of prayers (tho' the habit of praying night and morning cannot be too early impreſſed); but, by religion I mean the *idea* of a God, who ſees and knows every thing it thinks, ſpeaks, and does; every thing that paſſes in the world, and every thing that happens to us; and who is pleaſed when we do right, and diſpleaſed when we do wrong. Early prayer ſhould alſo be taught as a privilege, and children ſhould be led to it with pleaſing looks. A chearful countenance ſhould attend all inſtructions; and though with ſerioufneſs ſhould come the information of the great truths of God, a Redeemer, and another life; yet ſhould care be taken that gloom never attends that gravity; it ſhould be the gravity of truth, not of fear. Children ſhould be taught to liſten with attention, but not with dread; nothing diſguſting ſhould appear on the ſide of religion and virtue: and when none of the above ſerious truths are the ſubject, our injunctions in regard to practice ſhould always wear even a chearful countenance, that they may early be taught to believe that the ways of virtue are

ways

ways of pleaſantneſs, but the ways of vice hedged in with briars and thorns.

You will think me minute; but I premiſe that I mean to be ſo on this ſubject, as it is that very thing which is of importance;—for a child's ideas, its life, its employments, are minute.—But to proceed.—I was going to ſay, that I would not adviſe playtime to follow the hour of inſtruction, with reſpect to religion and virtue, for ſeveral reaſons: firſt, becauſe the mind of the child will run on to that, and not be at liberty to attend to or underſtand what is inculcated; the ſecond is, becauſe, if it ſhould be attended to, it would be forgot in the delights and exertions of the ſucceeding amuſement; and, in the third place, a child would look on all inſtruction as tedious, though ever ſo ſhort, which kept it from its top or its baby. Some employment, of whatever kind its age was capable, ſhould immediately follow inſtructions of a ſerious nature; by which means it would find, that there were many things of importance to be known, but that religion was of the firſt.

Hence you will perceive, that I think it neceſſary regularly to ſet apart a time for inſtilling into young minds the principles of religion and virtue. How can any parents anſwer it to themſelves, to inſtruct their children early in any, nay

ſome

ſome in *every* other branch of knowledge, and give them every other kind of learning, but that which is of the firſt and laſt importance to them! Do not we ſee parents endeavouring by every means to draw their children to that line of life for which they are deſigned, inclining them, by every art, to like the trade, the ſcience, the profeſſion, which they propoſe for them? And why may not theſe arts be uſed, and every method tried, to engage their hearts, and incline them to prefer thoſe principles which will make them better, happier, and more eſteemed in the courſe of their lives, and which only can inſure them happineſs when this world is at an end with them?

But to proceed; for it was not my intention to argue the matter, which you and I have long ſettled to be paſt diſpute, as every day's experience muſt convince us of the fatal and good effects of a bad or a good education.——Let a love of truth be early impreſſed. By this I do not mean that children ſhould be taught to tell all they know, but, when aſked, to give a ſincere and open anſwer.—They ſhould be taught, as ſoon as poſſible, not to repeat in the nurſery what they hear in the parlour, nor in the parlour what they hear in the nurſery. This will have a very good effect as they grow up; for it will curb *curioſity*, which at

firſt

firſt proceeds from a love of *communicating* what we ſee and hear; but when *this* is not encouraged, half the deſire of knowing dies away of courſe. Such a reſtraint alſo induces integrity; for by being diſcouraged from tale-telling, they will be taught the pleaſing notion of being to be truſted, and, piquing themſelves on deſerving that character, will, by this means, in time, acquire an integrity of heart that no frauds can tempt, no inſinuations ſhake.

As they advance in life, their occupations ſhould increaſe, and every poſſible care ſhould be taken to mingle with buſineſs and amuſement ſome uſeful inſtructions. When the mind expands, it opens like a flower to every point; it has more ideas than we are aware of, and is capable of great comprehenſion. I do not mean, that it ſhould, conſequently, be loaded with learning; but it ſhould be ſo ſecured by a conſtant and right direction of it, that it may not ſtart aſide towards thoſe frivolous and ſometimes miſchievous purſuits, which a mind unguarded is very apt to fall into, and which, if perſevered in, will ſtamp a character on the future man or woman, that, to obſervers of outward actions only, did not appear to be likely.

There are a variety of ways by which children and young perſons may be led to virtue, beſides

formal inſtruction. A walk with them in the fields; a game of geography, a book of hiſtory, may be ſo interſperſed with remarks, as to give the mind a habit of reflection, that will be of the moſt important ſervice to them in the courſe of their lives. One thing ſhould be guarded againſt, and that is reſerve; let their ſpontaneous thoughts ever be uttered without check, except in company: there ſilence is becoming; but to their friends their little hearts ſhould lie wide open, and appear without a veil. By this means you will learn the various diſpoſitions of children, and give them a habit of openneſs and ſincerity which will be eſſential to their future happineſs. And I would ſtrongly adviſe the giving, as ſoon as may be, the reins of their paſſions into their own hands. Let every correction for a fault be followed by a kind and tender expoſtulation; laying before them, in language ſuited to their years, the folly and ill conſequence of ſuch a fault. This muſt in time habituate them to check themſelves on any temptation to repeat the ſame. It is of the higheſt importance for children to be early trained to a habit of reflection. The perpetual activity of the mind will not ſuffer it, at any period of our lives, to be in a ſupine ſtate; it eagerly preſſes at every ſide, and where knowledge fails, recourſe is had to imagination to keep

up

up the ball. The firſt delight of children is to hear ſtories; the next, to make them: this is a kind of waking dream, which their young minds ſubſtitute in the room of thoſe things which a wider intercourſe with the world, and the employments of riper years, naturally fill our time with. Care ſhould be taken to make theſe ſtories intereſting on the ſide of virtue. A flower in the garden, a falling leaf, a bud, or any other paſſing object, may afford ſubject-matter for a moral tale. As children grow up, reading generally takes their fancy moſt, and ſtories of all ſorts are laid hold of: theſe ſhould be ſelected with great care and ſkill, and the young reader be led to obſerve on the noble actions of good and great people. In their ſports, much precaution ſhould be uſed againſt any kind of cruelty; and, upon a trial of ſkill, the victor and the vanquiſhed ſhould immediately ſhake hands. Emulation is good, if it does not degenerate into exultation in thoſe that excel. Pride creeps in at every chink; it is very difficult to keep it out, without excluding ſome virtue with it: ſtill, however, it is to be, and muſt be done; and the moſt effectual means is, by inſtilling that general philanthropy, that great good-will towards all mankind, which is ſo fatal to the throne of pride. Let the tendereſt affections for relations be nouriſhed with the utmoſt

care; no fondneſs can be too great to ſhew to them, or to let them ſhew to their relations. It is the ſource of a thouſand virtues; it elevates the mind; it purifies the affections: wherever they are, however diſtant, the thought of home, of their parents, of their ſiſters, of their brothers, pervades their whole heart, and keeps it from fixing on any object unworthy to mix with the affections due to them. The mind of the young man is ambitious to appear before his long abſent friends, crowned with honour, and riſen high in virtue. Let but the eye of Heaven be imprinted on their ſouls, and the love of their family on their hearts, and the world, the fleſh, and the devil, will aſſault them in vain. The heart and the intention are the great ſprings of action; let them be ſent forth pure, and after many years, the youth or the man, the girl or the woman, will return to the boſom of their friends with all the warmth of affection with which they left them, with all the purity which human nature is capable of, and with the addition of every outward grace to every inward virtue: the ſeeds they have ſown, they will ſee ripened into a plentiful harveſt; and they who have done ſo, will reap the comfort, the glory, the joy, in their declining years.

MENTOR.

LETTER XVII.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,

I AM ſure your good heart will be anxious to know what became of the poor young woman who was ſheltered in my houſe. Though I am not naturally of a ſuſpicious turn of mind, I own I began to doubt her ſtory, when a month elapſed without my receiving any anſwer to the letter I wrote to her friends. The young woman was herſelf conſcious I had only her word to reſt on; and though ſhe never varied in any point of her ſtory, yet ſhe could not avoid fearing I ſhould grow deſirous of having it confirmed, and anxiouſly flew to me every poſt-day to enquire if any letter was arrived. I had written a ſecond in the courſe of the month, and carefully ſent it by London. My firſt was totally loſt; but at length an anſwer to my ſecond was brought, by a ſpecial meſſenger, who had loſt his way ten times, and got to my houſe, after wandering four days, at two in the morning. I had the precaution to tell the ſervants, in caſe of a late expreſs, to come to my room only.—I was not fallen aſleep, when Harry came creeping in, and was glad to find he had not waked me. I tore open the letter, which, as the beſt way of

unfolding its lamentable contents, I ſhall encloſe. You will ſee the poor mother is almoſt paſt recovery, and all the young woman's own tale but too true.

I did not cloſe my eyes that night, but roſe ſoon, and called for the man who brought the letter. He related every circumſtance as ſhe did, almoſt choaked with tears. He ſays the young man met with the fate he deſerved; for both his legs were broke: he lay at a cottage till he could be moved, and is now carried home to his father's houſe, where he is reproached by the father and the wife for his crime.——I broke the news of the letter to her as gently as I could. She bore it pretty calmly; but when ſhe ſaw the ſervant, who wept like a child at the ſight of her, ſhe fainted, and I feared a relapſe of her illneſs. In a few days, according to the appointment, the father, one of the brothers, and the ſiſter, came. I need not ſay the ſcene was affecting; it was too much ſo for me, and proved the cauſe, no doubt, of my late illneſs. They ſeem a moſt amiable family. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the many civilities I received from every one of them. I was truly ſorry to reſign my charge, who was as amiable as ſhe had been unfortunate. She and they all left me in haſte, being eager to try if the ſight of the beloved daughter will ſave the mother's

ther's life. Pray God it may!—I have a letter to inform me that they got ſafe home, and that the bells rang for a week. What rewards, my Euphemia, will not virtue receive! Adieu,

MENTOR.

LETTER XVIII.

On EDUCATION.

IT is with pleaſure, my dear Euphemia, that I renew, at your deſire, my favourite ſubject. You ſeem to wiſh I would give you my thoughts on the plan that ſhould be adopted for children from their infancy to manhood. I ſhall confine myſelf firſt to boys; and afterwards point out the mode I think proper for girls.——I muſt take up my ſubject with ſuppoſing the child I am to ſpeak of to belong to people of rank and fortune, as no general plan can be laid down for Education; though, indeed, in the firſt part of their lives, all ranks ſhould ſhare in that neceſſary foundation, religion and morality.

A boy ſhould be taught to read very early, that he may have ſomething to do, and acquire a habit of buſineſs. As he advances in reading, his ſports ſhould be made more and more manly, and his taſks changed from one book to another: which

will accuſtom him to make even different languages more eaſy, as he will never read by rote, nor by the looks of the place he is uſed to, but depend for his accuracy upon his attention. At what age he is to go to ſchool cannot be aſcertained, becauſe boys differ in ſtrength both of body and parts; but whatever that may be, it will be of great advantage to ſend him firſt to ſome private tutor, who educates two or three only, to whom he will look up as to a ſecond parent, and will be ſteady and diligent in his learning from that habit to which he has been trained at home:—but if put at once to a great ſchool, the larger boys occupy ſo much of the maſter's time, that they cannot attend to the leſſer ones, who are waſting their hours in idleneſs, or are ill taught by the bigger boys, to whom alſo they ſerve as footboys, and are initiated in all their tricks; which makes them long to be older, not to be wiſer, but to be able to play and to do wrong, as they do, with impunity.—When they have got to be pretty good proficients in Greek and Latin, then let them be launched into a great ſchool: it teaches them to exert both their bodies and minds, exhibiting, as it were, a miniature picture of mankind; and, if their minds and hearts are well ſet with right principles, they will make proper eſtimates of the intrinſic value

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of the ſcholars with whom they converſe, and will form friendſhips which may be a laſting pleaſure to them in future life.——From ſchool, I would not, by any means, ſuffer a boy to be ſent immediately either to college or abroad. Though he ſtaid ever ſo long at ſchool, or roſe ever ſo high, yet he can be no way prepared for thoſe very different, thoſe variety of ſcenes, which muſt neceſſarily open to him either in a college, at home, or abroad. He is elate at the idea of having finiſhed his ſchool education; his paſſions and his liberty commence together; and with the beſt diſpoſition in the world, with the greateſt taſte for literature, a youth muſt be pleaſed with thoſe novelties that are open to him, and muſt pick up the flowers that lie in his way.

Why ſhould parents wiſh to ſubject their ſon to a thouſand inconveniences, to a thouſand dangers, that may be prevented without thwarting his genius or flattening his vivacity? Nay, the plan I would recommend would lay a foundation for a long continuance of every great accompliſhment that can adorn the man, and every good quality that can rectify the heart. From the ſchool, then, let the youth return home, and there be inſtructed in all the polite arts, and in thoſe ſciences which cannot be learnt at a great ſchool; geography, arithmetic, dancing, fencing, and any other kind of

accompliſhment he may have a turn for. Let a ſenſible, but agreeable companion attend him, to improve him in French and Italian, and to keep up his knowledge in the dead languages; and let the mathematics not be left out. When he has paſſed ſome months in this way, and been introduced to ſome of his father's friends and acquaintance, we will ſuppoſe during the winter months, let him ſet out with his companion, to take the tour of his own country, chiefly viſiting the beauties and curioſities of it, but not neglecting to introduce himſelf to the acquaintance of the great and good man in his way:—I ſay, the great and good; becauſe I would have the young man ſee virtue dreſſed in ſmiles, and appear inviting; and becauſe I don't know a more dangerous ſituation for a tender mind, innocent and virtuous, than in the midſt of a group of the great and wicked.——When this tour is completed, and the young gentleman has returned to his own family for a ſhort time, then let him go into other countries and other kingdoms, qualified to compare them with his own, and capable, by knowing their languages perfectly, of inveſtigating their manners as well as of viewing their curioſities. If his parents ſtill wiſh him to ſtudy at a college, or abroad, let him do ſo for ſome time, and then begin his tour, which I think ſhould by no means exceed three years;

and

and if he is ſatisfied with his ſtudies at home, two years will carry him to all that is material to ſee: a choice ſelection of books and of men will do the reſt. Let him keep up a conſtant and friendly correſpondence with his father and mother, and particularly with his ſiſters, if he has any. Family intercourſe rectifies and purifies the heart; and the converſing with the female part mollifies and dilates it, and, with them in his eye, he will ſcarce act ill by any he may meet with of their ſex. By correſponding freely with his father, he will feel that he has in him the beſt of friends and counſellors; and in any diſtreſs, even if it is from any little indiſcretion of his own, he will be induced to reveal all to him, and rely more on him for advice and aſſiſtance than on any other friend. His mind will be ever anticipating the happy period when he ſhall be united again to all he loves, and all who love him.

When the ſeaſon approaches for his return, let every thing be made ready to receive him, not now as a ſon, but a brother. Let apartments and attendants be made ready for him; and, on his return to his houſe and family, let him find himſelf, ſtill indeed as a ſon and a brother in their affection, but as ſomething like a viſitor in attention; and let his father afford him as ample an annual ſupply as his eſtate and family permit.

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Let him live with them ſtill, but without reſtraint; and, above all things, let his companions have free acceſs to the table. This will enſure them to be proper and well-bred companions, as he will never abuſe the generoſity of his parents, by introducing any improper company. In ſhort, let him find more eaſe and more chearfulneſs at home than elſewhere.—When a young man is thus eſtabliſhed, his character ſtands on a broad foundation that will not totter. All his virtues which were planted in the hot-bed of infancy, which have been nurtured through his youth with the leading hand of a ſteady guide, will, now they are tranſplanted into the open air, flouriſh and expand, and bleſs the ſoil whence they ſprung. Such a young man bids fair to be the delight of his friends, and the ornament of the age he lives in. He will be above vice, and think nothing ſo cowardly as not to be able to reſiſt it; nothing ſo brave, as to live reſolved to do all the good he can.

I have, my dear Euphemia, I hope, now complied with your deſire according to your wiſh. You ſee much, in my mind, depends on the method of education. Nothing is more common than for parents to be indulgent to children when young, and rigid as they advance in years. This is contrary to that principle I would here

mean

mean to inculcate. We can ſcarce be too ſtrict (I do not mean ſevere) with very young minds; but as they grow up, let the parents relax in their manner, though they adhere to their rules: this will prevent that pride which revolts againſt ſeverity, and will ſubdue a heart, perhaps naturally cloſe, and make it attach itſelf to you. Let affection beam in the eye even while the hand corrects, and let the tongue oftener correct than the hand. A reaſonable creature ſhould be corrected by reaſon, ſhould be guided by reaſon, ſhould be governed by reaſon.

Having given you my idea of the beſt manner of educating boys, I ſhall now proceed, as I promiſed, to that of girls; premiſing, that I think their education ſhould be nearly the ſame till the age when the boy goes to his private tutor. Of all the modes which have come under my obſervation, that has anſwered beſt, which allots certain days and hours to certain ſtudies and employments. Many are the advantages attending this method. In the firſt place, it accuſtoms girls early to think time of conſequence, and to fill it all up: in the next place, it prevents that propenſity to idleneſs and putting-off buſineſs, which we are too apt to indulge at all periods of life; it habituates the mind to induſtry and the love of employment;

ment; and, laſtly, the ſeries of ſtudies being fixed, the mind anticipates that which is coming next in turn, and by this means receives every improvement in it with the greater readineſs. When I make uſe of the word *ſtudy*, I do not mean to imply, that a girl is always to be at a book: I include in it all the arts and ſciences, all the accompliſhments and all the amuſements ſuitable to the ſtation of life ſhe is in. But I would with the utmoſt care guard againſt her looking upon all her employments as equally important; ſhe ſhould be deſirous to perform them all well, but to wiſh to *excel* only in thoſe which may avail her as long as ſhe lives. If the rank and fortune of the parents give them means of affording, and call for, a ſuperior education, let them beſtow it with pleaſure; let Italian, French, muſic and dancing, be joined to the deſirable acquirements of geography, aſtronomy, and natural philoſophy. But there is not a greater error, nor a more fatal one, than that of giving what is called a good education to a young creature who has not the means of ſupporting it, and to whom in all probability thoſe accompliſhments will be either a ſnare or a cauſe of miſery: for when a mind once acquires a taſte for ſuperior knowledge, it is with pain it muſt turn to the humble walks of life; and while the hand guides

the

the needle, the heart is languiſhing for thoſe ſuperior employments it formerly was accuſtomed to. There are degrees of knowledge which ſhould be confined to every ſtation, not for the ſake of preſerving ſubordination, which is the benefit uſually urged for it, but in order to render every perſon happy by their being ſuited to their ſtation. It is a fond but a falſe reaſon, which you often hear parents with ſmall fortune give for the accompliſhments of their children: "We can give "them no fortunes, ſay they, and therefore we "were willing to beſtow upon them a good educa-"tion." By a good education they mean a genteel one; and the poor girl is taught to dance without any proſpect of being aſked to a ball; to ſing, without ever being likely to be heard; to read French and Italian, without its being ever likely to be known; and is dreſſed out in all the fripperies of faſhion, only to be laughed at and deſpiſed. When her parents die, ſhe is left without knowing what courſe to take; her mind above her ſtation, and her pocket too empty to live without working for her bread. The tradeſman is too cautious to make choice of a wife who he conceives will be above the care of his family and property, and the gentleman is juſty above connecting himſelf with a perſon of ſuch extraction. I have known ſo many un-

happy

happy inſtances of this fatal miſtake, that I never can ſee an accompliſhed young creature in the middle line of life, without a ſigh.—But to return. Let us ſuppoſe the education to be with propriety of a ſuperior nature, ſtill ſuch a turn ſhould be communicated to the mind towards domeſtic concerns, as to give it a reliſh for them when they become neceſſary: for however high the ſtation, a married woman is never above them; and the knowledge of the beſt method of doing every thing relating to a family, takes off from that aukwardneſs which moſt young ladies muſt feel at their firſt appearance at the head of a family, if they are utter ſtrangers to the uſe of the engine, as it were, which ſets all hands to work.

In moſt ſtudies, I ſhould recommend the purſuing the ſame for two days in a week together: I do not mean all day long; but to let one ſtudy occupy moſt part of two days, following each other. Habit is a great friend to proficiency. At firſt ſitting down to muſic, drawing, geography, &c. we do not feel half the delight that we do after an hour's application; and the more any of the liberal arts and ſciences open their ſtores, the more eager the mind grows, and the more eager that grows, the better it will underſtand them. The teacher ſhould contrive to leave off in ſome intereſting part, that the pupil may be

be deſirous to return to the taſk; and when ſhe does ſo, ſhe ſhould go back a little to the part learnt before, that the mind may, as it were, join the paſt and preſent together. It is amazing to ſee the great ſucceſs this method has had in the free-ſchools for boys and girls which your generoſity has ſet up here, and which you deſired might be under my direction. I have alſo with ſucceſs perſuaded ſeveral of my friends to adopt it. Some have gone ſo far as to dedicate a whole week to one ſtudy; and where the child has a delight in learning, it has been attended with ſurpriſing progreſs. This, however, muſt be varied as the caſe calls for it: but I am confident that the making one ſtudy the principal employment of two days together is right; it makes a greater impreſſion on the mind, and it gets the young pupil on much faſter than dividing the time into too ſmall diviſions. Reading and amuſements, indeed, ſhould never be omitted; they divert, improve, and ſtrengthen the mind. When parents are capable of inſtructing their children themſelves, it is a very agreeable way of education, provided they can and are willing to ſpare ſufficient time for the purpoſe; but if they do not give due attention, or are not thoroughly qualified for ſuch an undertaking, the better way is to have a regular inſtructor. Muſic, Drawing, and Dancing, in-

deed, are uſually taught by the latter means; but it is not of theſe accompliſhments I ſpeak: Geography, French, Italian, and even Hiſtory, ſhould be regularly taught. But there is a part of Education now in vogue at the ſchools and elſewhere, that appears to be ſomewhat more than unneceſſary; I mean the learning the Belles-Lettres. It gives a ſtiffneſs of ſtyle diſguſtful and ungenteel; and it has a worſe tendency,—it is apt to give a language to the pen foreign to the ſentiments of the heart. Accuſtomed to write on given topics, in which the heart has no concern; they naturally fall into the ſame ſtyle on the common occaſions of inditing letters, and write from the head rather than the heart. No one that has a ſound underſtanding and a good heart, can want language; at leaſt, they will always have that which is moſt pleaſing to thoſe to whom they write; they will expreſs their real thoughts. Every thing that can tend towards affectation and diſſimulation, ſhould be avoided with the niceſt care: openneſs and ſincerity is very conſiſtent with that prudence which will not reveal what is better concealed: caution and inſincerity are not at all alike. I need not make every perſon my friend, nor need I tell every body that I do ſo. A ſet of words either in ſpeaking or acting is diſguſtful, and ſavours much of a ſchool education, which I doubt is too apt to

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teach deceit, by being accuſtomed to conceal-ments.

As the young perſon advances in years, her ſtudies with regard to books ſhould increaſe, and the perſonal and mental accompliſhments above ſpoken of be leſs attended to. I do not mean that they ſhould be neglected or diſregarded; but more time ſhould be allowed for thoſe intellectual exerciſes, which the very young mind is incapable of enjoying, or indeed of comprehending. Early youth is the ſeaſon for culture; at a more advanced period, children ought to begin to reap the harveſt of their labours. The beſt and moſt agreeable authors ſhould be choſen in all the languages the young lady may have learnt, among which our own ſhould not be forgot: and when about fifteen or ſixteen years of age, a preſent ſhould be made her of a little library; and, if ſhe has hitherto been debarred from the books it conſiſts of, the novelty will give a reliſh to her regular reading of them, and ſhe will receive much greater advantage than if ſhe had been continually dipping into them when a child; which is too often the caſe, particularly with regard to books in our own language. With what delight and avidity would a perſon with an improved underſtanding firſt read the Spectator and Milton! But we frequently ſee children turning them over to find a ſtory; and by the

time they are ſixteen, they fancy they have *read the Spectators*, and cry out for ſome other author; whereas, if they were then *firſt* to ſee theſe volumes, and *converſe* with ſome ſenſible perſon upon their contents, they would not be eager to leave them. Nothing is more detrimental, or gives the mind a greater unſteadineſs, than not reading with the underſtanding. A *boy* or a *girl* cannot take in the beauties of our own or other approved authors. When they arrive at the age which may be called Youth, then their minds open, and they begin to be capable of enjoying refined reading, and imbibe knowledge, inſtruction, and amuſement together. Another advantage will ariſe from this method; which is, that public pleaſure will not be thought of with undue eagerneſs, nor coveted every day, when a taſte is acquired for private amuſements, and new ones are juſt put into their hands. It is very fit young perſons ſhould have amuſements, and ſuch too as are cuſtomary; but it is to be wiſhed that they themſelves ſhould think there are ſome of a ſuperior nature, and be deſirous of dividing their time between them. — Good health and chearfulneſs are deſirable in young people; and I have always obſerved thoſe enjoy them both in the higheſt degree, who are moderate in the purſuit of public entertainments. Even the young meet with diſappointments often when in public,

ſuch

ſuch as perhaps an experienced perſon might ſmile at; but ſtill youth feels them, and they will for a time caſt a cloud on its brow. Frequent repetitions of theſe little mortifications will have a tendency to ſour the temper, and the conſtitution will not be the better for being exerted to the utmoſt. The livelieſt young lady I ever ſaw was one, who, though of the higheſt rank and beauty, was generally at home or engaged in ſmall parties, and went into public about half as often as others. The conſequence was, that, in one of her private parties, ſhe met a perſon who had an opportunity of finding out her good qualities and accompliſhments, and married her. She is now one of the beſt of mothers, and is capable of, and takes delight in, ſuperintending the education of her children, till the boys go to ſchool, and the girls are fit for companions.

Having now educated my boys and girls, I think it time to have done with the ſubject; though, to ſay the truth, it is ſo inexhauſtible a one, that, after many pages have been filled, there muſt remain a thouſand neceſſary particulars unſaid.—I muſt here add one hint or two more, by way of appendix, on the manners of childhood and youth.—Civility and good-nature ſhould be conſpicuous in all their words and actions. I do

not know any thing ſo diſguſting, as a pert girl or a rude boy. Indeed, the civility I ſpeak of ſhould proceed from a good-nature that renders it *impoſſible* for them to ſay an uncivil or do a rude thing. By this you may imagine I do not mean a preciſe formal civility, but an agreeable and an eaſy, good-humoured manner: it is a charm which attracts the notice of every one, and makes even perſons who are not fond of children, in time, feel an affection creep into their hearts towards thoſe that give them ſo little trouble, and are chearful companions without noiſe or rudeneſs. A child ſhould never think itſelf of any conſequence; ſhould be ready to be pleaſed, when taken notice of, but never out of humour when let alone. Theſe things, though ſeemingly of little moment, are eſſential to form the future pleaſing man and woman. Whenever a child finds itſelf of conſequence, it becomes fretful and uneaſy, makes a thouſand wants to try its power, and grows up full of pride and ſelf-ſufficiency, and impatient under the thouſand numberleſs croſſes which neceſſarily increaſe with increaſe of years. Never to let a child chuſe, may ſeem a harſh doctrine; yet, certainly, the ſeldomer any thing is left to its determination, the better. We can ſo ſeldom have our choice when we come to grow up, ſo very often muſt be croſſed in our wiſhes,

wiſhes, that it is a happineſs not to be overlooked in the education of a child, to lay a foundation againſt grieving at diſappointment; and the beſt way to do this, moſt certainly, is to endeavour as much as poſſible to have neither will nor wiſh:—you will underſtand me—I do not mean to have no opinions; thoſe ſhould be rooted too firm to be ſhaken—but not to deſire events in themſelves of no conſequence, and to acquieſce in the common occurrences of the world. Another thing I ſhall recommend and then have done; and that is, when a girl goes to ſchool, her companions there ſhould be few in number, and much of an age with herſelf: and the ſame caution ſhould be uſed more particularly with regard to boys. It is too difficult to meet with ſuch ſchools; but ſtill there are ſome ſchools now for all ages, and more are to be wiſhed for: the ages of children at ſchool ſhould not be too widely different.

I here end my diſſertation; and am, your friend, &c.——Adieu!

MENTOR.

LETTER XIX.

RELIGION *preferable to* MORALITY.

SOME years ago I fell into company with a ſet of people who call themſelves Moraliſts: they were upright, good men; ſuch as one might be very glad to have for one's friends, but not for one's enemies. With theſe men I often ſpent my breath in vain, to convince them that Religion was no foe to Morality, but the beſt and trueſt foundation of it. Their converſation, however, at laſt grew too profane for me to continue of their ſociety with any ſatisfaction. On every ſubject but that of Religion they were inſtructive, ſenſible, reaſonable, and agreeable companions; but when that was ſtarted, they gave themſelves ſo much liberty of tongue, loſt ſo much of their candour, that I was conſtrained to quit their ſociety, and relinquiſh the pleaſure I in other reſpects took in it, together with their friendſhip, for that of other men, whoſe converſe I could liſten to, without the fear of having my ears grated with the ſtale, pernicious ſentiments of irreligion.

A very

A very particular regard for one of this ſect had induced me to ſtay longer among them than I ſhould otherwiſe have done. He was a ſweet and lovely young man, whoſe parents had brought him up in every principle both of Religion and Morality; but, happening to form an intimacy with one of this ſociety, he parted with the ſubſtance for the ſhadow, and ſheltered himſelf under the example of thoſe men it was formed of, who had lived with great reputation, and were indeed in many reſpects both eminent for abilities, and excellent in their lives. From this young man I found it difficult to part: I loved him; I loved all his family: but ſome other young men, whom I then had frequently with me, I feared might take the poiſon which flowed with honey from his lips, and I tore myſelf from him; and on taking leave of him (which I did with great ſolemnity, wiſhing if poſſible to rekindle the ſparks of religion which might remain yet unextinguiſhed), I took him by the hand, and bid him adieu, exhorting him to remember, that Morality may ſerve our turn in proſperity, but it will not ſupport us in adverſity. I will try it, ſays he (with an air of gaiety which reached not his heart), till that comes, and then ——— Here we were interrupted, and we parted —— to meet no more. He would have ſaid, ——and then try Reli-

Religion. Alas! *that* can only comfort us, when adverſity comes, by the recollection that God chaſtens us as a father does his ſon; but if we have diſdained our father, if we have thrown off the obedience of ſons, what right have we to that conſolation? If we think of God firſt of all when afflictions come upon us, we can only think of Him as angry and incenſed; and if we wiſh to apply to Him, it muſt be in contrition, and not in confidence.

I never could imagine what could be the foundation of that deſire of ſeparating Religion and Morality, till I narrowly obſerved the conduct and manner of the chief ſupporters of this doctrine. The general tenor of their lives and actions is actuated by pride; and though ſome of their followers may be exempt from this vice, yet the leaders will be found to be dictators in the commoneſt affairs of life, and petty tyrants in their own family. But that pride ſhould be ſo powerful, or get ſuch an aſcendant as to ſubvert Religion, and ſet up man's own ſufficiency in the room of it, is almoſt beyond the belief of thoſe who think of things as they are; but experience, alas! convinces us of the melancholy truth, that man can pull down the altar of God himſelf, and erect his own image in its place. But why? What has pride to do with the affair? Does not Religion and Morality concur in every precept to direct the

conduct

conduct of man? Does not each enjoin Juſtice, Humanity, Uprightneſs, Integrity, Friendſhip, Sobriety, Diligence, and Honeſty? Yes, moſt certainly, they do. Nevertheleſs, pride is the fatal cauſe, why things ſo like in appearance are ſo different in reality. It changes the principles on which theſe precepts reſt, and vain man would be above being accountable to a Superior Being: his heart ſwells, and he would fain ſtand alone, and ſet his foot on his own corner ſtone. Alas! conſider what that corner ſtone is, and how you came by it. If you have found it in your nature, who put it there? If you have felt the principles of integrity prompting you to good actions from your youth, who planted them there? He that teacheth man knowledge, ſhall not he puniſh? You do not like to be an accountable being, and do you expect your child to be accountable,—do you expect him dutiful? If you would act conſiſtently, and be indeed an abettor of free-agency, throw off the reſtraints of reciprocal duty, and ſet your ſervants and your children free. But pride ſtill purſues you through each line of life; your children muſt obey, or forfeit favour; your ſervants muſt tremble at your word. And who are you? Are not they like you, and you like them? Chance placed you in a better cradle;—good had it been for you and the world, had you been rocked in a cottage!

cottage! The Morality of man without Religion is like fruit that the froſt has blighted in the bud, fair to look upon, but rotten at heart: when it is diſſected, it cannot reſiſt the knife, but diſcovers the ſeed within unſound and dark. A blaſt of wind may blow it down. It may ſtand in the calm ſunſhine of proſperity, but the ſtorms of adverſity will ſhake it; and as its foundation is ſhallow, ſo is the work unfiniſhed and imperfect. It begins and centres in a man's own ſelf. I do not mean to ſay that it does not extend to others: the very precepts of it which I have mentioned muſt benefit mankind; but the motives of them are ſtill concentered within a man's ſelf, and pride renders the heart of the Moraliſt ſo callous, as to prevent him from giving praiſe to others, or receiving himſelf thoſe draughts of pleaſure which Religion affords. As its foundation is weak, and the ſuperſtructure imperfect in its preſent ſtate, ſo is it unfiniſhed and imperfect, from that unſatisfying principle which it retains of uncertainty in a future ſtate. What is to be the end of all this mighty rectitude of conduct? Are we to die like the beaſts that periſh, or are we to be rewarded by a God hereafter whom we would not own here? If we expect this, how come we to expect it? Who has told us to do ſo? How do we know any thing about it? It has not, you ſay, been revealed;

revealed; you deny revelation. Do we die and are heard of no more? Let the Moraliſt, then, give orders for his carcaſe to be thrown to the dogs; it is no more than a horſe that dies in the field: its boaſted tenant is no more; its proud maſter can give no more precepts, can act a part no more. Does human nature ſhudder at the thought, and wiſh for a decent burial? Why? Becauſe we would fain think that in it had dwelt an immortal ſoul, that ſtill lives. Why do we think ſo? From whence comes this intelligence? From Heaven? No, that you deny. From ourſelves? The queſtion again recurs, Who gave it us? Our Creator? That, you ſay, you allow; but no more. You wiſh for immortality, you partly believe it; you believe that that wiſh and that belief were planted by your Creator within you, and yet you do not think it probable that he ſhould have revealed to you a point ſo deſirable to be known, and ſo promotive of the ſteady performance of what you call Morality. Nothing founded on Morality only can effectually enable us to reſiſt a temptation to unlawful pleaſure or profit; not even the idea of our condemning ourſelves for it ſome time or other. This condemnation cannot come, while we enjoy the ſweets of the action; it muſt be at ſome period when we ſhall judge of it by the rule of right reaſon. When, then, will this

period

period be moſt likely to arrive? The approach of death will indeed be the ſeaſon for reaſon to exert her rights, but what will it then avail? If reaſon is too weak to make us hear what is right, till we are paſt doing what is wrong, ſurely we call loudly for ſome additional helps to guard and guide us. When all goes ſmooth, when proſperity and friends ſmile upon us, then Morality will ſound well; we may love thoſe that love us, and lend to them of whom we hope to receive: but adverſity and temptation will prove, that the only firm baſis of virtue is that which ſupports it in times of trial. The building raiſed by Morality alone totters the firſt rude blaſt, and is ready to take the advice of Job's wife when he was afflicted: but Religion is the ſupport of men in times of affliction, and their refuge in time of trial: it is the great deciſive anſwer to every temptation, How can I do this wickedneſs, and ſin againſt God!—But how do we know what is ſin againſt Him, if He has not revealed his will? The boaſted light of nature is no other than ſome rays of light from revelation; ſome beams that have reached to every land from that firſt knowledge which the Creator was pleaſed to give us of our duty and our exiſtence. I do not mean to ſay, that human nature does not enquire, from its own conſciouſneſs, what and from whence it is, and whither it tends; and may

be

be able to ſtart, as an opinion, that ſome parts of conduct had beſt be ſo and ſo; but all the Morality of latter days, nay, that of ſome of the wiſeſt of thoſe we call Heathens, has been only collected rays from the great Sun of Righteouſneſs, though they are too proud or too ignorant to own whence their knowledge comes. The rock on which all virtue ſtands is Revelation. When this is believed with firm faith, and the precepts it commands enforced by the idea that they are indeed the commands of God, as well as the dictates of nature, then neither Heaven nor Earth can move it; it would ſtand, though it ſtood alone; it does ſtand with eternity for its ſhield and its reward. The man who lives by the Morality of revealed Religion, ſets his foot on Hell, and his hand reaches to Heaven. His God guides him, ſupports him, and rewards him;—and ſurely it is agreeable to reaſon, that our Creator ſhould tell us his will, that he ſhould ſupport us through the difficulties we may meet with in the doing it, and that he ſhould reward us when we have performed it according to our power. This is a doctrine ſo very conſiſtent with reaſon, and ſo very exalting inſtead of humiliating to human nature, that I almoſt wonder we do not all believe it at the firſt intimation of it, inſtead of doubting of it after the fulleſt proofs. But, alas! vanity is capable of driving reaſon from its throne;

and

and the poſſibility that it is in *our power* to ſhake the foundation of the doctrines eſtabliſhed for ages, is ſufficient to fire the ambition of weak man, though, Sampſon like, he periſhes himſelf in the attempt. Believe me, there never was a perſon that in his life denied revelation, who did not at his death repent it, and acknowledge that the only ſure foundation of Morality is Religion. I would have you underſtand that I write of the Moraliſts of our own country. As to thoſe who live in a country where Religion itſelf is polluted and corrupted, it is perhaps leſs wonderful that they ſhould doubt it, and poſſibly they may die in infidelity; but in our own nation, Religion flows in ſuch unpolluted ſtreams, that the Moraliſt expires in condemnation of himſelf, and imploring mercy of God and man for the wrongs he has done to them both, by endeavouring to take away their higheſt glory and their greateſt happineſs.

Once more, and I have done.—From what iſſues that cordial to man's heart, an approving conſcience, but from a conviction that God approves in heaven? What would it avail, if we thought our own actions good, if we were not ſure they were thought ſo by Him who made, and Him who is to judge us. As it is,——all is plain before us: we know our duty; we feel its benefits: we look forward to the reward of our endeavours to exalt

exalt our nature by virtuous actions here, to that ſtate where thoſe natures are to be perfected ſo as that we may not be expoſed any more to poſſible deviations from perfection; and where, as the natural conſequence of perfection of nature, we ſhall enjoy perfection of happineſs.

I have, my dear Euphemia, written you a very long, and to you, I do believe, an unneceſſary letter; but you ſome time ago mentioned, in one of your letters, that you was under ſome concern for a friend of yours who you ſeemed to think had got into dangerous company:—if you ſhould think the above may be of the leaſt ſervice to him, invite him to give it the hearing, and join to it many more excellent arguments which your own good ſenſe will ſuggeſt to you.

May ſucceſs attend you in this and all your good endeavours!

MENTOR.

LETTER XX.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,

AS I was riding out the other evening, my horſe turned up a lane which I had not rode in ſince laſt ſummer. I was ſurpriſed to find, that, in the middle of it, juſt on the other ſide of the hedge, a little new cottage was built. It was the picture of ſimplicity and neatneſs, and yet there was an air about it as if it was not quite the work of a labourer. There was a ſmall bit of ground with peaſe and beans, and other garden-ſtuff; a neat hovel, big enough for two horſes; and, in the corner of the little field in which all this ſtood, was a bank, raiſed under a great oak, and a garden chair. I ſtood ſtill ſome time in aſtoniſhment: it ſeemed the work of ſome fairy; for not one of theſe things exiſted when I was laſt at this ſpot. At length, recovering from my ſurpriſe, I ſet out homewards, reſolving the next day to get ſome intelligence about this little ruſtic elevation.

Upon enquiry I learnt, that a perſon had, about half a year ago, arrived and taken lodgings in a neighbouring village; that he had made enquiry for

for about ſix acres of ground to purchaſe; that, after much difficulty, he had obtained his deſire, and bought that ſpot at about double what it was worth; that, as ſoon as he had it, he ſent for workmen and erected that habitation; that he had paid every body as he went on; that the inſide of the houſe was a perfect picture of neatneſs, as the carpenter reported who put up the paper, and who ſaw the furniture come down from London; that he kept one maid, and a man-ſervant who was very old; that he was conſtant at church, and ſeemed to live the moſt quiet and retired life poſſible; and that his name was Goodman. To this account it was added, that he had taken a great fancy to a little girl in the village, and often had her with him, and taught her to read.

Having ſatisfied my curioſity as far as was needful, I returned home contented with my morning's intelligence. I could not help reflecting how often, after a life ſpent in activity, and in the attainment of riches or knowledge, or both, we are deſirous to ſit down, and draw our wants and our wiſhes into a ſmall compaſs; and then probably eſteem ourſelves at the happieſt period of our lives! —There was ſome reaſon to believe it was choice, and not neceſſity, that made Mr. Goodman retire into this ſequeſtered corner, and contract his expences to the real wants of nature. I could not

forbear hoping, that, though my fortune would not admit of a much more enlarged way of living than my preſent, yet that it was as much from choice as from neceſſity that I lived retired. Many days paſt before I thought any more of this ſtranger: indeed, I had nothing to do with him, and therefore he went out of my mind.—— Yeſterday was the day for my young friends to have their run with me. We mounted our uſual fields, and it being a fine evening we ſtrolled on very far. I will allow, that, when I came near the village where this ſtranger reſided, I did not check the eager deſire the children ſhewed to go to a play-ground that belonged to a ſchool in the village, where ſome of their little friends were at play. I gave them leave to go, provided they met me again at ſuch a gate. Out they ſet with ſpeedy feet to join the little party, while I ſtrolled on, and got over a ſtile on the other ſide of the new houſe. I paſſed on along a path that lay on the outſide of his hedge, and was in deep contemplation, obſerving the perfect and beautiful ſimplicity of the whole houſe and garden near it, when I ſaw the owner ſitting upon the bank that I have before deſcribed to you, reading a paper:—the old ſervant was coming from the houſe, with a mug of milk in his hand. A ſmall opening in the hedge enabled me to ſee the maſter clearly as he

he ſat——Judge, my deareſt Euphemia, of the tumults of my ſoul, when I ſaw in his face the traces of my long loſt and beloved brother! Age had made nature too feeble to ſupport ſuch joy, and with a groan I ſunk to the ground.——How long I lay I do not know; but I believe my mind was too much agitated to let my body be long quiet. When I firſt recovered my ſenſes, I could not recollect what had happened for ſome little time; but when I came to ſee where I was, I lamented the time I had loſt in my trance. My poor children came running to me; they thought I had hurt myſelf, and teſtified their joys at ſeeing me get up and walk. Their little tumultuous tongues cauſed my brother (oh my friend, do I yet live to ſay that word!) to look round. I haſtily bid them go home, and ſay I was coming in half an hour; and then, quickening my pace, turned round to the lane, and opened the wicket into his little field. My knees knocked together as I approached him, and I feared a relapſe; but gathering up all my reſolution (leſt I ſhould affect him too much), I went up with ſome collection of mind. I perceived he did not know me, and was preparing to aſk my buſineſs, when the old ſervant, who had ſeen me enter the wicket, came running and crying out, Oh my old maſter! my maſter! This made the other haſtily run over

my features, and, before we ſpoke, we were claſped in each other's arms.—Many minutes paſt in this ſilent, extatic rapture; the old and faithful creature at the ſame time uttering abundance of incoherent things, and crying like a child. When we quitted our embrace, it was only to ſurvey each other's features, and again to be locked together. My ſtrength, however, began to fail, which he perceiving, led me to his houſe. In ſilence we moved together, he lifting up his eyes to heaven, in gratitude and wonder; mine were too feeble to look up, but my inward ſoul flew thither with him and adored the Great Diſpoſer of Events. When we got to his little paradiſe, we both found utterance juſt to ſay, "My dear brother!"——When we ſhould have had power to ſpeak more, I know not, if the good old Bouchier (which was the name of his ſervant) had not made each drink a graſs of wine and water.—When our ſpeech returned, we had both ſo much to ſay, that we prudently declined beginning our diſcourſe that night. He ordered his little chaiſe to be got ready, ſeeing it was in vain for me to think of walking home after the agitation I had been in. He wiſhed me to have ſtayed all night, but would not even aſk it, poſſeſſing ſtill that command over all his paſſions which he was ever accuſtomed to do. He knew that, to one of my years, home was beſt, and my

own

own bed of conſequence to my reſt. He would not even ſup with me, but, as ſoon as he had ſeated me in my parlour, embraced me with tears and left me.——Oh, Euphemia! what a multitude of thoughts crowded into my head and filled my heart at the moment he left me!—I had never *felt alone* before, but now I ſeemed as if I had loſt a multitude, and I even wiſhed for ſomebody to relieve my ſolitude. Reaſon, however, (I had better have ſaid religion,) came to my aid, and I compoſed my mind to reſt, after thanking the great Author of every Bleſſing.——I had a better ſleep than I could expect; and our kind and benevolent apothecary calling upon me this morning, made me take a draught, which I find of great ſervice to me already; it has enabled me to write this letter to you. Indeed, I could not have been a moment longer, without giving you this intelligence, knowing how much your heart will rejoice with me. I am now expecting my dear loſt brother here, as he would not ſuffer me to go to him.—I have ſent to him, and I hear he has been blooded, but is coming to me. What effect has joy as well as ſorrow on our frames! I believe we bear ſuch ſudden joy with leſs fortitude than *grief:* for *that* is the lot of mortality; we are born to trouble as the ſparks fly upwards; but joys, ſuch as this, happen but to few, and occur very ſeldom.

—I ſhould not forget to ſay, that, as we drove home, my brother aſked if that infant was alive whom he left in my arms when we parted? With an exulting heart I could anſwer Yes, and as innocent as then.

Your faithful

MENTOR.

LETTER XXI.

My dear Euphemia,

AFTER the account I ſent you of my wonderful adventure, your tender heart, I know, will not be at reſt, till I ſend you word how I am in my health.—I am perfectly well again. I felt very weak for two or three days; but have regained my ſtrength and appetite.—I am now going to anſwer thoſe enquiries, which you would, I know, wiſh to make concerning the cauſe of this long loſs of my dear brother, and of the plan we have laid for our future ſpan of life. I ſhall briefly tell you, that, when he left us to go to the Indies, as I have often told you with tears, he went

went aboard a ſhip that was not in a very good condition. A ſtorm, which happened after they had been out a month, diſabled the ſhip ſo much, that, after conſulting ſome time, it was agreed to put into the firſt ſafe land they ſhould ſee. While they were looking out for this, a ſtrong gale aroſe, which daſhed their veſſel to pieces, and ſtranded them on an iſland. The joy of being ſafe made them at firſt inſenſible to their future proſpects, which upon conſideration were gloomy enough. The iſland was unknown to them; and, after the moſt diligent obſervations, they could not forſee any likelihood of any ſhip's touching there. For the preſent, they might live well enough, as the ſhip was well ſtored with proviſions, and they were happy to ſee on the iſland plenty of birds, and even ſome ſheep, though not like ours, having a kind of long coat, not like wool. Theſe thoughts employed the mariner, and ſatisfied him for the preſent; but my brother, who was accuſtomed to look a little more like a philoſopher into futurity, conſidered that victuals and drink was not alone neceſſary to their well-being. What was to give them houſes and clothes; and, above all, who and what was to regulate them? The ſailors might for a while obey their Captain; but, if his ſhip was gone, from whence he derived his authority, how and why was he to ſupport it? If

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the ſailors could be ſuppoſed to continue under his control, would the paſſengers ſubmit themſelves too? Certainly not. The iſland was become a common property, and who ſhould judge what each had a right to? For my part, ſays my brother, I reſolved to do as much as I could without help; and if I was obliged to aſk it, I in return worked with him that helped me the next day. Expectation (of I don't know what, for there was no foundation for any) kept moſt part of the crew idle for ſome time, except that they killed ſheep and game. My brother, who expected nothing, went to work in two or three days, and built himſelf a very tolerable hut: on one ſide he made a long building with no entrance to it but through his houſe (if ſo it might be called). Here he brought all the property he had on board the ſhip; for though the ſhip was ſtranded, ſhe was not gone to pieces; ſo that every thing was ſaved, which was a great comfort. When my brother had near finiſhed his work, the crew, ſailors and all, flocked to ſee it. He had placed it, out of ſight of the ſhip, among ſome ſhrubs, and againſt a high ſolid rock, which ſerved for part of his outbuilding. Some of the cargo he had with him happened to be glaſs, as he was fond of drawing, and often framed his own pictures. Of this article he made windows; and his cottage looked

quite

quite complete. A young man, a carpenter, who was a paſſenger, and very ingenious, had helped him to finiſh his building, and to put in his windows. He had therefore his choice from my brother, either to live with him, or in return to receive his aſſiſtance in building a houſe for himſelf. The youth, with great modeſty, deſired to conſider of it. ———

——— My brother inſiſts upon taking the pen, to relate his own adventures, and I willingly reſign it.——

——" Liberty, Madam, was now become our charter; ſo I concluded he wiſhed to live ſeparately, and feared I ſhould be diſpleaſed at his refuſing what in other ſituations might have been deemed an honour. Having, as I imagined, found out the reaſon of his ſilence, I ſent Bouchier to him next day, to ſay I had found ſome proper wood, and would come and help him to build his hut wherever he pitched upon. This meſſage ſeemed like a death warrant, as my ſervant came back and told me. I ſet out to go to him, and met him coming, and, with a countenance pretty compoſed, he ſaid he ſhould be glad to build near me. I aſked him again why he would not live with me; he fell on his knees, and ſaid he begged to be then my ſervant, but not my companion. This was ſufficient to ſhew me he deſerved to be

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the latter; and I raiſed him up, and aſſured him he ſhould never be otherwiſe; that the ſituation we were in admitted of no diſtinction; and that reciprocal ſervices were all we could expect from each other. To be brief, I let my young man eat of my meats, and partake of all my comforts. He amply repaid my kindneſs. I found him an excellent companion; becauſe, from a love of books, he had, from infancy, ſtole to them in every leiſure moment, and had had the good fortune to have ſome of the beſt authors given him by a gentlemen who had found him one day reading a fragment of a Spectator.—As to the reſt of our ſociety, they in general built huts; and it was not unentertaining to ſee the different plans of them, and the different degrees of beauty and taſte with which they were finiſhed. It ſeemed, on the whole, the moſt pictureſque ſcene that could be imagined. The country itſelf was wild, but not barren; rude, but not horrid. The huts were built in ſome places ſingle, in others in groups, according to the different diſpoſitions of the builders. My friend and I uſually helped to erect them; at leaſt, we were honoured with the finiſhing touch. The young man, whoſe name was Caſtors, made a kind of portico before the Captain's houſe, that might have done credit to an eminent ſtone-cutter. He found a piece of a rock, fallen down from

from a very high one, which he ſhaped into a pillar. On ſearching, we found three more ſuch pieces, and then we all went to work to erect them. Under theſe we uſually met to eat our meals, or to drink our tea, in a very ſociable manner. The reſt of our ſociety amuſed themſelves and us by their different occupations. Muſic alſo flouriſhed among us; we had an excellent flute, and a very good violoncello. A year paſſed on in this manner, and, to the praiſe of all be it ſpoken, very few quarrels aroſe among us. The few that did were decided by handicuffs; or, more frequently, the diſputants referred to the Captain or to me. When the day twelvemonth came round that we had been ſhipwrecked, though we had parted the night before in good ſpirits, every one was met in the morning with a dejected countenance, not ſo much from the recollection of the event, as from conſidering, that, as one year was paſſed without proſpect of relief, another and another might arrive and leave us as we were.—— I believe I have forgot to mention that we had built a place for public worſhip: it could not be called a church, but it was a well-deſigned and commodious building. It was made in a circular form, large enough to contain the whole ſhip's crew. The ſacred table was placed in the middle, and it was large enough to hold twenty at a time.

time. Our Chaplain read prayers there morning and evening, and on Sunday gave us the ſacrament and a ſermon. I grieve to tell, that few attended either the daily prayers, or ſtayed at the ſacrament; but it was remarkable, that the anniverſary of our being caſt away happening to be a Sunday, every perſon on the iſland attended divine ſervice, and alſo ſtayed the ſacrament. Such dependence, it is plain, has man on the Supreme Being, when ſorrow ſeizes him; and ſuch his opinion, that we cannot properly aſk his aſſiſtance without obeying his laws. Our good divine, not expecting ſuch a congregation, had furniſhed himſelf with a ſermon from one of our excellent authors, knowing it was agreeable to his uſual congregation;—but perceiving his audience to increaſe, and, before divine ſervice began, that the place was full, he was led to conſider the occaſion of this change, and thought it incumbent on him to ſeize this opportunity to impreſs deeply on their minds the fear of God and their duty. On mounting the place erected for his diſcourſe, he preached an extempore ſermon on the 124th pſalm.——A finer diſcourſe I never heard: he drew tears from all preſent; though joy gliſtened in their eye, while yet the tear ſtood in it; for he pointed out the certainty of an eternal deliverance, if not a temporal one, provided we would believe, and truſt, and obey.

obey. He concluded with a ſolemn and excellent prayer, and, without ſaying the bleſſing, deſcended and approached the holy table. This expreſſive action had the deſired effect—not a man ſtirred, and each approached by turns, and ratified their good reſolutions at the altar. When we came out of our little church, I propoſed our dining that day all together, which was agreed to, and each brought out his table and ſtool, together with the proviſions he had got ready for the day; and we ſat down to a chearful meal, and, I will confeſs, by much the happieſt I ever made in my life. In the afternoon we all aſſembled again in the church, and our paſtor then preaehed his intended ſermon, which was on the great profitableneſs of our knowledge of the omniſcience of God.

We paſſed our lives much more comfortably after this day.——In this manner we ſpent four years in the iſland, and ſome of us became pretty good workmen. I was head taylor.—At the end of that time, a ſhip ſhared nearly our fate; but, having the good fortune not to be puſhed too far on land, ſhe was ſaved. The number of paſſengers and crew of this ſhip were ſo great, that all our company could not be joined to it. A violent diſpute then aroſe how many and who ſhould go. I feared the conſequences, and therefore begged the two captains to conſult together how to ſettle

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the affair, which they did at laſt by perſuading the people to draw lots; and the captain aſſured thoſe that were to ſtay, that he would return and carry them off in a few months. I and my companion at once reſolved to ſtay, as we grew quite contented, and all expectation of raiſing our fortunes was now over, as we muſt before this have been ſupplanted by others in the places we were going to take upon us. I ſhould have liked indeed to return to England, but the ſhip was not to return there for near two years, and was deſtined to a very diſagreeable ſtation. We were very happy at preſent; and, having ſupplied ourſelves with freſh cloth from the new ſhip, we had little to wiſh for. I alſo purchaſed ſome chickens, a dog, and a cow, which were great delights and luxuries. Thus provided, we were enabled to live in that lonely abode ten years, when a ſhip arrived, to take us on board, and to carry us to the Indies. The poor captain of the other veſſel had died in his paſſage, when he was returning to us; and the ſecond in command, being a man of illiberal principles, ſteered another way, and left us in the lurch. As ſoon as that ſhip got to England, which was not till ſeveral years afterwards, one of the lieutenants attempted to repreſent our caſe to the Board of Admiralty, but it was a long time before they heard him; and, when they did, withheld their belief.

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The good man however never forgot us; and being himſelf appointed to the command of a ſhip, was ſoon after ordered out on the voyage that lay near our iſland. He haſtened to our relief; and, anchoring in a ſafe harbour, came to us with delight in his eyes, and invited us all aboard. Moſt part of our little colony received the news with joy; I own I was ſo pleaſed with my preſent ſituation, that I left it with much regret. He carried us to India, where I entered once more on the buſy ſtage of life; and having good luck, I gained a conſiderable fortune, and when our good captain was to return from his three year's ſtation to England, I reſolved to accompany him. We had a ſafe voyage, but a tedious one. As ſoon as I had lodged my money, I ſearched for my family, but found no trace of them left in the county where we uſed to live, and ſome one informed me that my brother died about two years ago. Wiſhing myſelf now again on my iſland, I ſet out on horſeback, to find a ſituation ſomething ſimilar to that I had there, and happening to turn down a lane, I was ſtruck with that on which I have built, little imagining it would lead me to all I held dear. If you, madam, ever viſit this rural retreat, you will give the finiſhing ſtroke to that happineſs which is now nearly at its full.——Yours, Goodman."

Now, my dear Euphemia, I reſume the pen,

but it is only to lay it down, when I have told you our plan. I am to remove to my brother's little farm, and we are to ſpend the evening of our days together. His one old ſervant and my two old ſervants are to live together in this houſe, and are to have a ſufficient income ſettled upon them, that they may reap the comfort in old age which the induſtry of their lives has deſerved.—Let me hear from you often.—I will write to you when any thing occurs worth relating.—Your moſt kind and cordial letter has juſt come to hand. I knew you would rejoice with me: your good heart can rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep.—And now, my ever dear and beſt of friends, adieu!—Continue to love me; continue what you are, and you will crown the old-age of your friend. My ſun muſt ſoon ſet, and thankful I am that the happieſt period of my life is at the cloſe. To find a long loſt brother, and to preſerve a tender friend, in the time when our ſouls can take little hold of life, is a comfort that lifts up my heart with thanks to that great God who has thus in mercy bleſſed me. If my faults find pardon with him, I truſt, when this life is ended, to meet again thoſe dear friends that here have ſhared my heart.

My ever dear Euphemia, adieu!

MENTOR.

FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENTS.

A DIALOGUE *between* FRIENDSHIP *and* LOVE.

LOVE.

YOUR ſervant, Sir, I have not ſeen you an age. How comes it we never meet? Why we uſed to do ſo very often.

FRIENDSHIP.

That was a great while ago. It was not my fault we ever parted;—you plumed your little buſy wings, and fled away.

LOVE.

Becauſe you are ſo ſlow in your motions, I had not patience to ſtay for you; and you were always wanting me to ſtay for your judgment, before I ſhot my arrows off.

FRIENDSHIP.

Not always, my dear boy; for ſometimes we ſhot off together, and whenever we did, I think, ſomehow, it was always beſt; and though you generally ran firſt, I ever followed you, if I poſſibly could.—Come, honeſtly, now tell me how you fare without me.

LOVE.

Why, though I am not accuſtomed of late to ſpeak the truth, yet I will whiſper in your ear that I am heartily ſick of my preſent life. The hearts I have now to deal with are ſo very tough, that I can't make my arrows go in above ſkin-deep; and then out they fall again, and the wound heals in an inſtant. Formerly, when I took a dart from a lady's eye, and ſhot it off into a heart, down it plunged knee-deep, and the poor devil trembled and quaked like an aſpen-leaf, and he ſcarce could ever get it healed. Sometimes, indeed, if I chanced to make a little miſtake, there was an old ſurgeon, called *Reaſon*, that after a while patched it up pretty well; but he has been dead long.

FRIENDSHIP.

Alas! I know him well;—he has been, not dead, my ſmart friend, but only buried.

LOVE.

What buried alive!—how's that? That I'm ſorry for; for he once did me a piece of ſervice, and opened my eyes; and it muſt be confeſſed that I did my work ſo as to anſwer much better than by chance as I do it now——but pray tell me.

FRIEND-

FRIENDSHIP.

Why, when you left me, as I am not given much to change, I ſtayed in the very ſame place for many years, and then I ſaw him every day, and indeed we were ſcarce ever ſeparate; but (ſince you confeſs your faults, I may mine) one day I was inſenſibly led away by a ſmart young girl, called *Faſhion*. She ſo bewitched me for ſome time, that I forgot my old companion: but as ſoon as I found ſhe only meant to deceive me, I haſtened back to ſeek *Reaſon*; but alas! he was gone, and I heard he had been inveigled away by a well-dreſſed man, called *Sentiment*, who had decoyed him into an old caſtle, and then ſhut him up. There he now is, and I lament his loſs inceſſantly, endeavouring to recollect and follow his precepts; but not being always by me, I ſometimes miſtake, and connect myſelf with perſons very unfit for me.

LOVE.

Well, I am ſorry for the old fool too; for without one of you I am ſadly hurried:—I am obliged to take up the arrows every minute that drop out of the hearts again, and I don't love ſtooping; I love to ſoar aloft; but ſo it is, and then away goes the ſame arrow into another heart,

And then to tell you a ſecret, I have as much to do with the women as the men. Formerly, if I ſhot the men, that was ſufficient; I left them to ſhoot at the women: they made me ſometimes indeed help them, but it was but now and then; they had arms of their own, ſighs and vows, and letters and ſongs, and ſuch things, and would beſiege a heart for years together, and think themſelves fully paid if the heart yielded at laſt: but now they have no patience for that; for being ſo very ſlightly wounded, they ſend away ſincerity with a flea in her ear, and call on me to do their buſineſs. I warrant, I muſt let fly at the woman they want; which, as I am blind, I ſometimes miſs, and then it makes a ſad ſcene of confuſion. I take the wrong arrow, and ſhoot a perſon who ought not to be ſhot, and leave another whole that was wiſhed to be wounded—In ſhort, all is hurry and confuſion——I feel ſick and dying.

FRIENDSHIP.

But how comes it that you don't return to me again, and try to regain your uſual chearfulneſs.

LOVE.

Why I'll tell you. The very man that betrayed *Reaſon*, pretends to direct me, and has indeed

indeed quite blindfolded me for ſome years: for when I was with you, I could ſee a little; I peeped with one eye juſt ſo as not to make any groſs miſtakes (as wounding monied folks, or ſuch things); but, alas! now he has taken effectual care I ſhall not ſee at all. He one day blew a duſt into my eyes; it is a duſt made by *Self-will*, a noted chemiſt, and then tied this bandage light over that; ſo that I can ſcarce find room to weep.

FRIENDSHIP.

I am grieved for you, and wiſh you could tell me any way to help you.

LOVE.

I have thought of one; and, to ſay the truth, I came to ſeek you to aſk you a favour; though I ſcarce dare do ſo after having left you in the manner I did.

FRIENDSHIP.

Speak, and fear not; I am, you know, not to be changed; I always thought well of you, and wiſh we had never parted. I think we made (I may ſay without vanity, for it is true) every perſon happy whom we viſited together; at leaſt we never failed to do ſo when our poor friend in the caſtle went with us.—But to the point.

LOVE.

LOVE.

You muſt know then, that when *Sentiment* took the government of me, before he had quite taken away my ſight, I huddled up my beſt arrows, and hid them, and only kept out a few broken ones, and two or three poiſoned ones. He has lately quite taken theſe, and even my bow, away; ſo that I am but a mere cypher, and he cooly argues the point with me, that he can ſhoot as well as I. T'other day, walking along, mourning my fate, and the loſs of my bow and arrows, I ſtumbled over the place where I had hid my weapons; I fell to digging and found them, and reſolved to grope my way with them to you, and to intreat that you would take care of them; and if you could by any means reſtore me to the ſame degree of light I formerly had, I would never leave you again.

FRIENDSHIP.

I very readily will take care of your arrows, but I fear the other cannot be done without poor *Reaſon*. I am now uſing every means to procure his liberty, and have already got ſeveral good writers to help me in the attempt. If we ſucceed, you ſhall be immediately reſtored to ſight, and *Reaſon*, *Friendſhip*, and *Love*, will ever after go hand in hand

hand, and we will erect a temple to liberty and happineſs, to which we three will with pleaſure conduct all mankind.

A DIALOGUE *between* DESPAIR, HOPE, PATIENCE, *and* REASON.

DESPAIR.

OH, my dear friend! I am the moſt miſerable of wretches, and I dread every ſort of evil, and think I ſee them all coming faſt upon me; and, unleſs you give me one minute's converſe, I ſhall ſink under the misfortunes which I now endure.

HOPE.

Chear up, my old opponent! Let me know the cauſe of your diſtreſs, and I don't doubt I ſhall ſee to the end of your troubles.

DESPAIR.

Oh, never! never! Thoſe I have already are too numerous and too weighty ever to end.

HOPE,

HOPE.

Don't talk in ſo deſponding a ſtrain; you chill even my warm heart: you ſpeak of ſorrows that will never end, and of ſorrows in reverſion too; but you don't hint what they are, and I am inclined to think, thoſe you now feel will ſoon be over, and thoſe you foreſee will never come to paſs.

DESPAIR.

Your diſpoſition is ſo very oppoſite to mine, that we cannot long converſe. Pity is eſtranged from your breaſt, and Reaſon has forſaken you long age.—I muſt go, madam;—I leave you in the company of the airy phantoms which play around you.—I return in agonies to my cell, where I doubt not I ſhall ſoon hear of the death of my darling brother, and that my only ſon is ſlain in battle.

HOPE.

Go then, thou ſelf-tormentor; go to thy haggard companion, Miſery; weep, till thy eyes can weep no more, for events that may never come to paſs, and leave to me gaily to paſs the jocund hours. Methinks I ſee thy brother recovering faſt of his diſorder, and thy ſon already landed, loaded with riches and honour.

Saying

Saying this, ſhe tripped lightly away, ſinging an idle ſong. Deſpair turned from her with diſguſt, and with haſty ſtep walked towards her cell; but at length, unable to proceed, ſhe ſunk down oppreſſed beneath an aged oak whoſe limbs were ſhattered with many a ſtorm. Here ſhe tore her hair, and gave a looſe to grief; but in an agony of woe, as ſhe turned towards the ſpot where her brother dwelt, and mourned what her diſtempered brain had painted there, ſhe ſaw approaching the place where ſhe lay, a perſon in whoſe countenance ſorrow indeed was painted, but ſomewhat of comfort too; a ray of hope gleamed on her ſoul as ſhe looked at her face. "My name, ſays the pleaſing form, is *Patience:* I wiſh to reconcile you to your ſorrows, to enable you to bear them. I am come to reprimand and to conſole you. Feed not *real* grief with the fuel of *imaginary.* Bear the evils you have with dignity becoming a dependent creature, and ſuffer not your mind to dread the future.—I am unhappy too, but I ſubmit to my lot in common with the reſt of the world, and with ſilence endure what I cannot remove."

Deſpair ſcarce liſtened to her diſcourſe, but haſtily aroſe, and with diſordered ſteps got away from *Patience*, muttering as ſhe went, that ſhe was not a companion for miſery like hers.

Patience

Patience, caſting a look of pity, walked ſilently away.

Hope, who had gone off, as obſerved, in gay-ſome mood, was ſoon after met by *Reaſon*, who aſked her what was the occaſion of her jollity?

HOPE.

I cannot give you any particular reaſon for my gaiety; but I think I ſhall meet with ſomething very ſoon to give me great pleaſure.

REASON.

What is that, my friend?

HOPE.

Why I left a friend very ill, and I am haſtening back to ſee him on his recovery, and to congratulate him and his friends on the occaſion.

REASON.

But have you heard he is better; or I think, if I might be allowed to judge by his illneſs, there is not much room for your expectation.

HOPE.

Oh no, I have not heard, but I don't doubt all is well; and if not, I ſhall have no reaſon to lament, for I expect a good legacy.

REASON,

REASON.

A legacy! and pray what relation are you to that perſon, or what have you done to deſerve to be ſo remembered?

HOPE.

I am no relation, nor have I done any thing to deſerve ſuch a mark of regard; but I always expect good things; it keeps up my ſpirits.

REASON.

And what becomes of your ſpirits when you find yourſelf miſtaken?

HOPE.

Then I die away.

REASON.

And is it not better to take my advice before you raiſe your expectations? I would not deceive you, nor would I damp that chearfulneſs which you ſupport; but I would give it a foundation that ſhould make it continue, without being liable to perpetual diſappointments, which muſt be the caſe while you continue to go on as you do without my aſſiſtance.

Hope, convinced and ſoftened, laid aſide her jollity, and replied chearfully,

HOPE:

HOPE.

I thank you very ſincerely for your good advice, I accept of your offer, and ſhall be happy to have ſo good a guide; but there I ſee *Deſpair*, who chills my whole ſoul.

REASON, to DESPAIR.

I am ſorry to ſee you always looking in that melancholy mood: I wiſh you, too, would hearken to me, as this my ſweet friend has done, and not caſt a gloom on every thing around you.

DESPAIR.

I don't want your advice (ſaid *Deſpair* ſurlily); I chuſe not to liſten to any counſels but thoſe of my own brain. Here comes *Patience*; ſhe, too, wanted to preach to me, but I deſire to be alone, and not have my miſery broken in upon by ſuch impertinents.

PATIENCE.

Well then, we leave you to your own diſtempered brain; retire to your cold cave, and leave us to ourſelves.

REASON.

And now, my friends, let us three join hand in

in hand, while we aſcend to yonder hill: the way will be more light and eaſy when we ſupport each other.

So ſaying, *Reaſon* took *Patience* in his right hand, and *Hope* in his left; and, mounting a hill that lay juſt before them, walked chearfully up. Juſt as they reached the top, a cloud ſurrounded them for a moment, and out of that cloud aroſe the moſt beautiful form my eyes ever beheld. She ſtood with one foot on the ground, and her right hand ſtretched towards Heaven. I looked earneſtly for the three friends who had walked till ſurrounded by the cloud, but I ſaw them no more. I ſtood wondering in myſelf where they were, and what was that beauteous form I ſaw in their room, when, with a moſt harmonious voice, ſhe ſaid, "Know, my young man, that the three forms you ſaw, who walked on to entice you to follow them, only meant to lead you to me. When ſeparate, they are called *Hope*, *Patience*, and *Reaſon*; but, when united, they become RELIGION—that is my name. I drive *Deſpair* far away, which they in vain combat with alone. I ſend forth *Reaſon* to guide men to the path that leads to me; *Patience* and *Hope*, to enable them to bear the miſeries of life, in their paſſage through it; and, in the end, if they hear their counſel, and

accept of their ſupport, I conduct them to thoſe regions to which I point, where I diſmiſs two of my aſſiſtants *Patience* and *Hope*, but I keep *Reaſon* ever by me, encreaſing the happineſs, by opening the faculties, for ever and for ever, of thoſe who come to me by his advice.

So ſaying, ſhe mounted on a golden cloud, and my aching eyes followed her into the higheſt heavens.

A Soliloquy.

AH! what avails it! The buſtling world purſue their deſires, the indolent ſupinely indulge their inactivity, the ſenſualiſt follows the bent of his inclination, the drunkard drinks his glaſs, the gameſter throws his dice, the farmer plows, the ſailor ſpreads his ſails, the merchant buys and ſells,—ah! what avails it! Time rolls round, nor ſtops till each has reached eternity: then the opening day of everlaſting light beams on their ſouls, expands their faculties, and ſhews them that half their pains might have been ſpared, even when innocently employed; that few are the real enjoy-

enjoyments of life, and thoſe eaſily obtained; that thoſe are to be enjoyed conſiſtent with peace of mind, peace without anxiety, peace without ſin, and peace that will go down with them to the grave, —nay, nor will leave them there—it will bring them to everlaſting peace in the regions of happineſs. How few, alas! how very few, ſee things as they are; ſee, that the *wants* of nature are few, that the *joys* of nature are few, that the *years* of nature are few!—that, if we confine our deſires to the wants of nature, and our pleaſures to thoſe ſhe naturally affords us,—if we look on our end as not far diſtant, we ſhall enjoy all that man can enjoy, and eſcape many of the evils of life. If to this we add (what every wiſe man will add) the conſtant hopes of heaven by endeavouring to deſerve it, we advance human nature to a ſtate of tranquillity with regard to this life, and to a delight in the view of another, which is as honourable as it is comfortable; and it is derogatory to the wiſdom with which we all are endued, to ſee men born to the above happineſs, and yet throwing it away, and trying to attain, with anxiety and toil, what, if attained, cannot ſtay long with them, and may not perhaps yield them half the ſatisfaction which it would have done to have ſat under their own vine, and drank of their own herd. I mean not to diſcourage an induſtrious life, but an

anxious one; and to conſider, on my review of human ſociety, how many, very many, neglect the happineſſes within their power for thoſe which are not ſo: ſcarce a day paſſes but we ſee each commending the things belonging to another, while the owner paſſes heedleſs by them. Envy (which is a word we ſubſtitute for covet) often ſpoils the food we eat, turns ſweet to bitter, and makes us ſpurn the bleſſings from us which invite us to them, and long for forbidden fruit; and perhaps our neighbour is at that inſtant envying us, and coveting the thing we deſpiſe.—Alas, poor human frailty! blind to duty and to intereſt, blind to joys that come before us, and eagerly wiſhing for thoſe we cannot have! A little while and all our wiſhes ceaſe;—a little while and our place ſhall know us no more;—a little while and death will cloſe this earthly ſcene. Why then, oh why, do we not taſte and eat the good things ſet before us, with regard to this life, as well as the next? The tree of knowledge of good and evil is no longer forbidden, as we may taſte freely of it and live. It will open our eyes to diſcern between good and evil; it will give us the wiſdom of Solomon, without his trouble in the purſuit of it. But where is this tree of knowledge? Aſk thy own heart; it will tell thee: judge for thyſelf as thou

wert

wert judging for another, and it will give thee a leſſon thou little thinkeſt of: it will tell thee thou haſt been purſuing, not the deſire of thy *heart*, but that of thy *imagination*; that fancy, not inclination, has been thy guide; that all is vanity, but the treaſures within thy reach; that, if thou wouldſt liſten to the real dictates of thy own underſtanding, and the deſires of thy heart, thou wouldſt find that thy real wiſhes are few, and thy wants have been few alſo;—recollect and ſee that many uſe the flowers that have blown by thy ſide, and courted thy notice, but have been left to fade and wither without attention. Solid and laſting pleaſures have been within thy reach, and leſſer ones have ever been with thee; but thou haſt ſought after things which thou couldſt not attain, and neglected thoſe at hand. Ah, what avails it for thoſe with little ſtore to add houſe to houſe, field to field, room to room? why put bitter for ſweet, and ſweet for bitter? for ſweet it is to ſit down and enjoy that little we have with content and chearfulneſs; and bitter it is to add more than we can taſte, and to paſs the bounds of prudence. If our ſtore be ſmall, let us keep within, that we may gladly give of that little to thoſe that have leſs; if we have much, enjoy it with a liberal mind, and give with a bounteous hand. Obſerve mankind as they

paſs: one cometh up, and another goeth down, each following a different path, till blown away by death. Then the true eſtimate of human life is ſeen. He that has treated it as a thing of ſhort duration, to enjoy with prudence and to part without pain, looks content and happy, and even ſmiles (yea, he ſmiles moſt) in death. This is the man whom the gay count a fool, and his life to be without wiſdom; but to thoſe, when he is gone, he will appear the man of true wiſdom, and his name will be honoured when theirs has been long forgot.

USEFUL MAXIMS —— *for myſelf.*

ACCUSTOM yourſelf to a conciſe manner in every thing; in buſineſs, in ſpeaking, in writing: it will in time beget clearneſs both in the matter and manner of your doing theſe things; for, if you reſtrain yourſelf within ſhort limits, you will naturally wiſh to expreſs a great deal in a little compaſs, and that in time you will find will give you that clearneſs which is ſo agreeable to yourſelf and others. But loquaci-

ouſneſs

ouſneſs and tediouſneſs, though ever ſo clear, are diſguſting to others, and detrimental to yourſelf, by retarding the completion of what you wiſh done or underſtood.

Always do that which can and ſhould be done, and you wiſh to be done, immediately; accuſtom yourſelf to this in the mereſt trifles (if it be only the mending of a glove), and the habit once acquired will be of the greateſt uſe in momentous concerns.

It is leſs trouble to forbear anger, than to quell it.

Never fix an opinion either on perſons or things, till your judgment has full time to give its conſent; ſo will you avoid much ſelf-refutation.

Often forbear what you would wiſh to ſay, leſt you are thought aſſuming; and rather, if it be a matter of debate, let others convince themſelves, than appear to triumph by your own arguments. Though you need never give up an opinion, if you are ſure you are right; yet, by a well-timed ſilence, prevent the diſpute running too far, which breeds ill-will, or at leaſt ſome warmth, which is beſt avoided.

Never give your advice in matters of conſequence, unleſs it is aſked; nor forbear ſpeaking ſincerely when it is ſo, though you know it to be againſt the inclination of the party aſking it.

If you can do an eſſential piece of ſervice, riſk

a little of the love of the party, in order to do it, if it ſhould appear diſagreeable: it is odds but *they* thank you in *time*; if not *your conſcience* will.

Be cautious how you let any one thing be the prevailing ſubject of your thoughts, whether it be anger, love, or any favourite ſcheme: it will ſubject you to much inconvenience; it will prevent many thoughts and actions, that otherwiſe would have been of great uſe both to yourſelf and others. The more diſengaged and free you keep your mind from ſuch particular attentions, the more capable you will be of enjoying the pleaſures and good things of life: for when the thoughts are diſengaged, you are ready for any ſubject; but when *one* object engroſſes them, you grow ſtupid to every other, and, wrapped up in that one, forget that the mind was made to take in many ideas, both moral and divine, and is greatly degraded by being thus crampt and confined.

Above all other rules, be careful to obſerve, that ſincerity is the guide of all your words and actions; never belye your heart by a compliance, either in word or deed, with what that cannot approve. In converſation be ſilent, if 'tis wiſdom not to oppoſe; and in your actions forbear, though you riſk the diſpleaſure of your company.

Don't be *aſhamed* to ſpeak your opinion on any

any ſubject, being firſt well aſſured your opinion is right, according to the beſt of your judgment.

Never be aſhamed to own yourſelf in the wrong, and even exceed others in condemning yourſelf.

Be always ready to hear others; and if by their arguments they convince you, own it, and give them their due merit. This is doing as you would be done by. Never ſcruple any office, though ever ſo mean, that can be of uſe to another.

Think as little as poſſible of the ill actions or words of others towards you; and let grief for them, and not yourſelf, prevail.

Never be *perſonally* ſorry for any thing: if you're ſick, be not ſorry; if you're diſappointed, be not ſorry; if you're ill treated, be not afflicted.

Whenever any ill happens to you, think how it might have been worſe: thankfully acknowledge the bright ſide, and patiently bear the dark one.

Be careful not to make many reſolutions, leſt you find reaſon for breaking them, or at leaſt wiſhing to do ſo; and 'tis beſt to avoid all riſk of condemning one's ſelf. Nothing is eſſential but religion, and the vows concerning *that* cannot be too ſtrong.

Conſider every now and then, whether any thing

thing in your life and converſation can be altered for the better; whether they can be any way more profitable to yourſelf or others; or if there is any thing that would be beſt omitted.

Never take a ſtep of any conſequence, without viewing it in all lights with impartiality, and let inclination follow judgment, not bring your judgment over to your inclination; or, rather, accuſtom yourſelf to *like* whatever your judgment tells you is beſt, that your inclination and judgment may be the ſame thing. For example, never like any perſon, either man or woman, but for their good qualities; good qualities are valuable, uſeful, and captivating to a perſon accuſtomed to ſound judging, without ſhining qualifications; —and bright parts are clouded by bad principles, ſo as not to attract ſuch a perſon: therefore, let the ſcale be ſet right, and the proper weights put in, and in a very ſhort time the right ſcale will preponderate of itſelf, without much touching up. There is a vanity in good judgment which greatly helps the inclination to be of that ſide, and is of great uſe to bring them to a cuſtom of going together.

THE

THE letters written by the pen of experience, and dictated by reflection, are among the very few worth preſerving——I think the following among that number.

YOU deſire, my dear friend, to know the cauſe of thoſe clouds that at times overcaſt my brow, and ſeem to darken the brightneſs of my preſent happineſs.

About thirty years ago, I was congratulated by my mother on my being of age (my father, you know, died when I was yet an infant). We paſſed the day in feaſting and dancing; the uſual way of celebrating the commencement of man's cares and diſappointments. The next morning, my mother took me into her cloſet, and delivered me the writings of my eſtate, which was a very good one; and then put a paper into my hand, with the account of the ſavings ſhe had made out of it, to the amount of twenty thouſand pounds. —I could perceive a tear trickle down her cheek as ſhe gave me this paper; but the joy of having ſuch a ſum in poſſeſſion made me then paſs over that circumſtance, which now recurs to my memory as prophetic of all the ills which wealth

and

and youth bring with them. From that inſtant I reſolved to indulge in ſwimming down the full tide of pleaſure; and having ordered a houſe to be got ready for me in London, I anticipated with delight the new ſcenes which were about to open to me.——The morning came for me to ſet off, when, deſiring my mother and ſiſter to take care of my houſe till my return, I was flying to my chaiſe, which waited for me at the door, when caſting my eyes back, I ſaw them both walking ſilently from me diſſolved in tears. I doated on my mother, and was paſſionately fond of my ſiſter; but the idea of new ſcenes, and making a figure in life, had engroſſed my thoughts too much to recollect that what was joy to me was poignant ſorrow to thoſe with whom I had hitherto ſpent my happieſt hours, and who had ſhared with me in every joy, and by whoſe endeavours it was that I was rich and amiable. The ſight of them made me ſtep back, and following them into the parlour, I fell on my dear mother's neck, recalling all my former tenderneſs, at the ſame time graſping my ſiſter by the hand, who bathed mine with her tears. This expreſſive ſcene laſted ſome time, when, burſting from them, I flew into my chaiſe, pulled up the blinds, and gave a looſe to the ſenſations which were due to thoſe who had ſoftened every tender ſorrow, and heightened every joy.

I ſhall

I ſhall not take up your time, nor hurt my own feelings, by the repetition of my adventures during the ſpace of twenty years, which contain nothing very different from thoſe which all young men of large fortune, great ſpirits, and little prudence, are liable to. At the end of that time I found myſelf involved too deeply to continue my career any longer. I had, in the courſe of thoſe years, wrote now and then to my mother and ſiſter; but, from the vexations of various diſappointments both in play and matrimony, I had neglected it for near a year. Diſtreſs always makes the mind fly to ſome friend on whom it can rely, and to thoſe hours of innocence which cannot be recalled. I ſcarce knew whither to run to hide myſelf from the diſgrace and poverty which my extravagance and diſſipation had thrown me into; but having too much knowledge of thoſe who had helped me to ruin, to apply to them either for counſel or relief, I determined to run the hazard of reproach, and fly as faſt to my home for comfort, as I fled from it for pleaſure. My heart revived and ſunk alternately as my fancy pictured the dear inhabitants of my long-neglected manſion, elate at my return, or breaking out into reproaches at my neglect. When I ſtopped at the door, every ſenſation which I had felt when I laſt ſaw it, ruſhed into my mind.

mind. My body ſunk with illneſs, and my mind torn with anxiety, I was ſome minutes in the room before either my mother or my ſiſter recollected me: indeed, they were both alſo ſo emaciated, that I was ſtartled at the ſight of them. As ſoon as our mutual aſtoniſhment was over, we embraced with the ſame cordial tenderneſs with which we parted. In fine, I told all my follies, opened all my griefs, and threw myſelf entirely under their protection and counſel: I had made myſelf a beggar, and, had it not been for thoſe I had ſo long neglected, I had died in a gaol. My mother, worn out with grief, and now ſtruggling between joy at my return and anxiety on my account, ſoon ſunk to her grave, leaving me five hundred pounds a year, and my ſiſter a few thouſands. Time, and my ſiſter's aſſiduous care, got the better of that melancholy which the recollection of my folly had nearly fixed. Among other means which ſhe uſed to reconcile me to myſelf, ſhe introduced me to a family lately ſettled in that country. A young lady, who happened to be there on a viſit, engaged my attention; and I had the good fortune to engage hers. I freely told her my diſtreſſes, and that all I had to offer was a few hundreds. She generouſly joined her fortune to mine, and we have lived altogether in the happieſt manner poſſible ever ſince: but ſtill,

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my friend, can you wonder that I feel a temporary ſorrow, that I have ſquandered away a fortune which would have made the woman I doat on eaſy and above care, and indeed given us the luxuries as well as conveniences of life, while now it is with continual attention to the minuteſt article that we can live with any degree of credit, and yet ſave ſomething for thoſe little creatures who depend on us for future as well as preſent bread? I am too much an invalid to enter into any buſineſs, and it is alſo too late in life: but I am and will be content, and I ſhould have no interruption to that happineſs I receive from the beſt of wives and ſiſters, if I could efface from my mind, that it is by my own folly that I am not now enjoying the full tide of every earthly joy. Let me, then, recommend to you, if you have a ſon of an age to begin the world, to conſider, that it is in early age that we ſhould imbibe inclinations towards a domeſtic life, and be led to believe, that thoſe that live within the circle of a few friends and acquaintance, prevent all thoſe diſtreſſes by which I have now debarred myſelf from ever taſting the cup of plenty. So true is that old but juſt proverb, A bird in the hand is worth two in the buſh. Whoever has comforts already in poſſeſſion, would do well to look no further; for

while

while we ſeek pleaſure or profit, they both ſlip from us, and leave us little able to enjoy the few good things a thoughtleſs life has left us.

A friend of mine, who honours me with much confidence, aſked me, ſome years ago, whether I thought he ſhould be happieſt as a rich man, or as one with a moderate fortune? I told him very freely, that I thought a moderate fortune would ſuit him beſt; and for this reaſon, becauſe he was of an anxious turn of mind. My friend ſtared, and told me *that* reaſon ſeemed to turn on the ſide of riches. Certainly not, ſaid I; thoſe that have moſt riches have moſt care, unleſs they know how to enjoy them without expecting more of them than they can yield. They are certainly a great bleſſing to thoſe who can manage them, and live ſuitable to them; but to thoſe who think them inexhauſtible, or to thoſe who fear to uſe them, they are the foundation of great unhappineſs; one, or perhaps both, of theſe ſituations would be your caſe. The firſt poſſeſſion of them would lead you to ſpend them with that liberality that is natural

to

to you; but, as ſoon as you found your reſources fail, you would fall into the oppoſite extreme, and grudge every the moſt trifling expence. Therefore my advice is, to ſit down contented with the moderate fortune you now have, which will not lead you to profuſion, and yet is above anxiety.

Advice is ſeldom aſked with any deſign to profit by it, and my friend told me that he would conſider of it, and I concluded he had ſettled his plan for getting rich, and would think no more of my advice. I heard nothing of him for near a twelvemonth, during which time I was ſo deeply engaged in a diſtant part of the kingdom, that I could not make any enquiries about him; but at laſt I received a letter from him, ſaying he begged I would come and ſee the good ſucceſs of my own advice. Having finiſhed my buſineſs, I ſet out for his houſe in Cornwall, where I found him in the moſt romantic and beautiful ſituation, in a very comfortable and convenient houſe. He met me with open arms, and aſſured me that he owed all his preſent happineſs to my advice, for that he was on the brink of riches and ruin when we met laſt; he had juſt had an offer of ſpeedily making an immenſe fortune, which had put his mind into ſuch a fermentation he could decide nothing, and that was the occaſion of his

applying to me. Your expreſſions, ſays he, ſo correſponded with my own feelings, that they convinced me I was going to plunge myſelf into miſery, inſtead of happineſs; and therefore, before the deſire of riches returned into my mind, I ſat down and wrote a refuſal to my friend. No ſooner had I ſent it away, than I called myſelf a fool, built a thouſand caſtles in the air of the fine things I could have had when I was rich, (which by the by could not have been for many years,) and was juſt going to ſend a ſecond letter, when a gentleman ſent for me to his houſe, where, after many fine ſpeeches, he offered me his daughter. Matrimony was at that time far from my thoughts, as I intended not to *ſettle* for many years; I was therefore ſtartled at the propoſal, and deſired time to conſider of it. That, ſays the old man, you certainly ſhall have, and I can aſſure you that ſhe knows not the leaſt of my wiſhes, ſo that you need not be embarraſſed on that account. Stay with us a week; and, if you find her what her fond father thinks her, and can with her enjoy a permanent happineſs, take my word for it, young man, an early ſettlement in life prevents many diſappointments and cares, and lays a foundation for much more ſatisfaction than can be enjoyed by any other means in the evening of life. I agreed to the propoſal of ſtaying there a week; and,

and, in the courſe of that time, found ſo many charms in my Sophia, and ſo much to recommend her as a companion and friend, that I have ever ſince experienced the truth of your obſervation, that ſitting down to enjoy a moderate meal while it is hot, is better than waiting for a feaſt when it is cold. Had I gone to the place which was to make me rich, I had not returned to begin life for many years, and had been during that time a prey to anxiety; but now my fortune is circumſcribed, I know its bounds, I enjoy it, and am happy in the full tide of health and ſpirits, and in the beſt of wives and friends.

To thoſe who have ever felt the pleaſure of thinking they have contributed to another's felicity, mine will be known to be eaſier felt than deſcribed; ſuffice it to ſay, my friend's happineſs, great as it was, did not equal mine in having been the means of it.

EXAMPLE, I have heard ſay, is better than precept: I ſhall, therefore, give my readers an inſtance or two of good and virtuous actions. Reading an old book t'other day, I found the following pretty remarkable ſtories.

An antient man, being reduced to an extreme ſtate of poverty, aſked alms of a gentleman who happened to paſs by him, who gave him ſome halfpence on his earneſt requeſt. Immediately after another man aſked of the ſame gentleman, and was denied. *This* man was a cripple; and, being extremely feeble with hunger, immediately ſat down, and burſt into a flood of tears. The firſt, on ſeeing this, accoſted him in the following manner: "Partner of diſtreſs, ſays he, you have been doubly mortified; you have been refuſed yourſelf, and yet have ſeen bounty beſtowed on me. That which I have is not ſufficient for us both, or I would ſhare it with you; take it therefore for yourſelf, and accept that from me which you cannot earn for yourſelf, and which will give me more real pleaſure than the gratifying that hunger which I now ſuffer. Acts of kindneſs give double the ſatisfaction of a ſelfiſh one; for we have the pleaſure

ſure of ſeeing another happy, and alſo of being the cauſe of it: therefore, eat that morſel that you are periſhing for, and let me periſh with the pleaſure of thinking I have hindered you from doing ſo." —If a man could die with ſatisfaction from having relieved another, though the cauſe of his death, would it not give the greateſt happineſs to a rich man to make a thouſand happy without ſuffering by it?

Two young ladies, being great friends, and both of good families and plentiful fortunes, had many ſuitors, among whom was one who fell deeply in love with one of them. The young man was of an amiable diſpoſition, and his perſon pleaſing. The young lady whom he liked was not blind to his charms, but ſecretly rejoiced in her conqueſt. She went to her friend, to inform her of what ſhe had reaſon to hope would ſoon come to paſs; but ſhe had ſcarce entered the room, when ſhe was accoſted by the other, who told her ſhe was rejoiced to ſee her, for ſhe had ſomething to impart to her of great conſequence. You may, ſays ſhe, think me vain in what I am going to ſay; but I hope, with your aſſiſtance, I ſhall be able to accompliſh what I ſhall be miſerable if I do not attain. You muſt know, then, I am ſo charmed with the young gentleman that has lately made an acquaintance with us, that I am undone, unleſs I can gain his

affections. Whom do you mean, replied the other? for we have many acquaintance. You cannot be at a loſs, ſays ſhe, to gueſs I mean Sir William ——; which was the name of her friend's lover. She was much ſtruck with this aſſertion, and pauſed a few minutes to conſider whether ſhe ſhould own to her what ſhe had reaſon to think; but ſhe determined to try farther, how deep an impreſſion Sir William had made on her friend's heart, and whether he had made any advances to *her*. She aſked whether ſhe thought he liked her? Why really, ſays ſhe, I don't know; he did talk a good deal to me, but there is no knowing from that: but whether he thinks on't now or no, he ſhall ſoon; for though I own I am very fooliſh about it, yet I feel I ſhall never be happy without him; for his underſtanding, good-nature, and manners, are unlike all all other men. But are you ſure he may not be engaged, replied her friend? I think 'tis pity you ſhould ſuffer yourſelf to feel ſo much about a perſon you don't yet know but may be actually in treaty with another. Well, my dear, ſays the other, I have owned it fooliſh, and I know it is ſo; if he is engaged, I can't help it; but I am certain he never can have any body that would be ſo ready to pleaſe him, and who loves him ſo well. I have ſeen a good deal of him lately, and am ſure

that

that there never was his equal. Well, ſays the other young lady, I will do what I can to enquire for you; but only beg you to be compoſed, and expect it to be as I have mentioned. On her return home, ſhe very ſeriouſly conſidered what ſhe ought to do in juſtice to her lover and her friend. She foreſaw a breach, or at leaſt a ſeparation, muſt be the conſequence of her marrying him; and yet ſhe deſpaired of fixing his affections on another, though ſhe was to prevent his addreſſes to her, which ſhe feared too would render him unhappy. However, ſhe reſolved to try, firſt by behaving ſhy and cooly herſelf, and giving him no hopes of her, and then by commendations of her friend. But how hard was the conflict ſhe had to undergo! She ſaw his merit, and loved him as ardently as her friend could do; but ſhe knew her to be of ſtrong paſſions, and that a diſappointment might be of fatal conſequences: ſhe therefore purſued her plan; and, after giving him reaſon to think ſhe had no affection for him, ſhe took occaſion to ſpeak of her friend, and commend thoſe qualities in her which he had ſo often expreſſed his being charmed with in herſelf. It was long before he could conquer his hopes of her; but ſeeing ſhe was ſtill cold towards him, he would not think of preſſing her to what he ſeemed ſure to be denied, or would be making her miſerable,

ſerable, if ſhe was forced to comply with. He could not account for her behaviour; for though as little conſcious as any man of his accompliſhments, yet he thought his ſtrong affection deſerved ſome little return. After retiring into the country for ſome time, he returned to town, where the friend of his young lady ſtill was: he attached himſelf to her, and was not inſenſible of her merit, and reflected often on the good opinion his fair-one had of her. He continued his acquaintance pretty cloſely, and ſoon diſcovered he was there received in a quite different manner. This comforted and cheared his but too languid heart: he was pleaſed with having his love returned, but could not but ſtill wiſh it was his firſt love; however, he perceived the many amiable qualities of which ſhe was really poſſeſſed, and with great hopes of acceptance he lays his propoſals before her. They were, you may imagine, received with pleaſure; and the young lady immediately wrote to her friend to tell her the good news, and to invite her to her wedding: but ſhe declined it, making ſome plauſible excuſe, after wiſhing her much happineſs with ſo good a man. She thought it might check his affection for her friend, and was likewiſe fearful leſt it might too ſtrongly operate upon herſelf; for though ſhe felt a pleaſure in having gained her point which made her friend

happy,

happy, and compenſated for the loſs of her happineſs, ſhe could not yet think of him alone without feeling more than ſhe wiſhed. The two lovers were at laſt married, and in leſs than a twelvemonth our fair hero had the courage to pay them a viſit, and had the pleaſure of ſeeing them as happy as it was poſſible for any perſons to be. He could not but feel he had loved her, but had too good ſenſe not to ſuppreſs it in himſelf, and to ſhew no ſigns of it to either of them; which made the young lady truly happy by thinking he had forgot her.—In about ten years his wife died, to his inexpreſſible grief. He continued at his country houſe for a twelvemonth, endeavouring to relieve his affliction by the care of his only daughter. He was called to town by buſineſs ſoon after, where he met with the ſame young lady, who was ſtill unmarried, and who had ſeverely ſhared in his affliction; for the tender friendſhip that was between his wife and her was almoſt equal to that of ſiſters. He was happy to meet with one he knew lamented her with him, and they were often together; which brought on the remembrance of their former affection, and he now avowed his paſſion, which ſhe returned with equal ardour. His ſurpriſe and pleaſure were ſo great, that he could not help noticing her former cruelty; though, added he, my late dear wife, and

your

your friend, amply made amends for your refuſal. She could no longer forbear, and freely confeſſed to him the cauſe of her behaviour, and that her regard for her friend was ſo great, that ſhe could not purchaſe her own at the expence of her friend's happineſs; but ſtill her affection for him was too great to be eradicated. It may eaſily be imagined how charmed he was with ſo much virtue and fortitude, and how impatient he was to poſſeſs one whom he had now ſo much more reaſon than ever to love. They were ſoon married, and lived univerſally beloved, and died univerſally lamented.

I Don't care, ſaid I,—when my heart was burſting with envy and diſappointment: ſo throwing myſelf into a chair, and kindly wiſhing ill to all the world, I endeavoured to take a nap to lull ſorrow to reſt.—But it would not do. The world is all alike, ſaid I; and I ſtarted from my chair: the men are all knaves, and the women jilts.—Now my heart ſmote me, as I uttered the word *all*; but paſſion was uppermoſt, and I condemned the whole race

race for the ill-dealing of a few.—Juſt as I was walking up and down in great agitation, trying to perſuade myſelf I was bearing with fortitude what had made me too impatient to hear reaſon, my man entered the room with a letter in his hand. I ſnatched it from him, and impatiently bid him be gone: I tore it open, and the contents turned all my anger and diſappointment topſy-turvy. I leaped from my ſeat, and wiſhed well to the world, and to all its inhabitants, who were now turned from devils into angels.—My heart ſmote me again, but more gently than before, as it always inclines moſt to the favourable ſide; but ſtill all are neither angels nor devils.—I rang the bell—my man came, but only peeped in, dreading to meet my angry brow, and in an humble voice aſked me what I pleaſed to want. I want thee, John, ſaid I in a friendly tone; come in, ſtir my fire, and make it good; go to neighbour Hearty, and tell him I ſhall be glad to ſee him at dinner, and you may aſk his ſervants, John, and treat them with a bottle of wine. John ſtared, and half bowed, and ſaid, Yes, ſir, not knowing whether to be moſt pleaſed or moſt aſtoniſhed. Go, I ſay, do as I bid thee, and then bring my new ſuit of cloaths. John ſtared again, and retired.

No ſooner had he ſhut the door than my own folly flew up in my face. Fool! ſaid I, to let every

every paſſion blow thee about like a dead leaf in a ſtorm, and all thy finer feelings lie uſeleſs, and not daring to ſtir till their reign is over. Why muſt the tempeſt in my breaſt be vented in angry tones to an innocent fellow-creature? why, when pleaſure ſucceeds to pain, be as extravagantly kind? —Why? Becauſe man is a compound creature, made up of ſenſe and nonſenſe, governed to-day by paſſion, to-morrow by reaſon. Strange mixture of good and evil, like the events he meets with in life! But is it fit, ſaid I, it ſhould be ſo? How can I help it, ſaid Pride—beginning to buſtle up in my breaſt, as ſuppoſing I was going to put my behaviour in the wrong. Am I to be accountable for being as nature made me? Are paſſions implanted in my breaſt to lie dormant? If I am offended, have I not a right to be angry; and, if ill uſed, to be out of temper? So ſaying, I gave the fire a great ſtir, and kicked my poor dog that lay quietly at my feet.—My faithful heart ſmote me again; and being now got into a kind of argument with myſelf, I liſtened to it wirh ſome attention. I condemn not, ſaid that friendly monitor, I condemn not thy anger at thoſe that offend and wound you, during the ſharpneſs of the ſting; but I condemn your being angry with all for the offence of a few: I condemn not your joy at the reverſe of fortune from bad to good; but I condemn your

want

want of command over yourſelf, which ſhould make you receive it as a man, calmly. I do not wiſh you to render your paſſions uſeleſs, but to confine them to thoſe bounds within which they make you happier and better, and beyond which they render you wretched in yourſelf, and liable to the ſilent or open reproaches of others. Why was your dog to ſuffer, becauſe you was diſpleaſed? Why was your man to have a drinking-bout, becauſe you were in good humour? If the man by his faithful ſervices deſerves reward, do it from that motive; or, if he has diſpleaſed you, reprove him, but not from ſpleen. Do not think it an indignity offered you when I reprove you, but believe *me* the higheſt part of your compoſition: liſten to my ſecret whiſpers, to my gentle reproaches, to my ſilent approbation; I will calm your paſſions, leſſen your griefs, moderate your joys, and keep you, what you are, an honeſt and an upright man.

This laſt ſentence put me in ſuch good humour with myſelf, that I reſolved for the future to do all that my heart ſecretly dictated to me; and, calling my dog, took a turn in my garden, to digeſt the lecture more thoroughly, and to give myſelf an appetite for my dinner with neighbour Hearty, which my various paſſions that morning had well nigh put aſide.

THOUGHTS *on* FORETHOUGHT.

WHERE are the years that are paſt?—They are united to the ſtream of eternity, and cannot be gathered up again. But not ſo the uſe we made of them; that lies in the ſacred records, and by them we muſt hereafter ſtand or fall. And to the records of our paſt actions will be added thoſe which are yet to come:—is not this a momentous conſideration?—a thought worth pondering? The time paſt is no more in our power; we can now but lament what we recollect has been done by us unbecoming and wrong, and comfort ourſelves with the remembrance of what we may have done as we wiſh. Many of our actions are forgotten by us, and will lie dormant till we are judged by them hereafter. Our future conduct will one day be as now our paſt is to us, beyond our call, and out of the reach of our power to make it better; but what will be paſt, is now future to us. Wiſe then are they that lay plans of future caution and circumſpection; for, however we reſolve on avoiding particular actions, or of performing particular good deeds, or living in general a uſeful or innocent life, nothing is to be effectually done towards going on in virtue

or

or avoiding vice, nothing towards mending our hearts and correcting our diſpoſitions, but an habitual circumſpection, and a conſtant guard over ourſelves: if we wiſh to cheriſh a right way of thinking, if we wiſh to walk a regular, approved, and exemplary life, if we wiſh to avoid ſome particular evil tendency that we are ſubject to,—nothing but a watchfulneſs over our own hearts can effect it. Sincerity and openneſs with *ourſelves* are to the full as neceſſary as they are proper towards others: unleſs we make it one of our reſolves to ſtand centinel at the gate of our own hearts, and to ſet a watch over our paſſions, we do but deceive ourſelves, when we ſay or think we reſolve on amendment. To this purpoſe, we muſt fore-arm ourſelves againſt the occaſions that may lead us aſtray, and get ready for the combat, if we cannot avoid it. It is impoſſible, I know, to look minutely forward into what may befal us, or into the ſituations we may be in; but ſtill, though we cannot look into futurity, we can look into ourſelves: we can there trace the workings of our hearts in ſuch and ſuch ſituations that we have already been in; we can from them take our meaſures for the future, and guard our actions, our words, or our thoughts, againſt falling into the errors or the follies we were then guilty of; we can by this means ſtrengthen ourſelves in every point, and arm ourſelves with

weapons

weapons ſuited to every occaſion. There is ſcarce any perſon's life ſo very various but that the ſame things muſt occur to them over and over. If we accuſtom ourſelves to review our paſt conduct on thoſe occaſions with a deſign to amend for the future, we double the advantage of that review, and riſe above ourſelves at every ſtep we take; ſo that at laſt it becomes habitual to us both to ſcan our paſt conduct with a critical eye, and to forearm ourſelves againſt that to come. The advantages ariſing from this method are ſo many and ſo obvious, that they want no pointing out. Self-knowledge and ſelf-government are atchivements of ſuch eminence and uſe, that the mention of them is ſufficient to prove their worth. But their advantages are not alone the inducement to cultivate them. The ſatisfaction they bring to the mind, the complacency to the countenance, the joy to the heart, and I might add the ſtrength to the underſtanding, are ſuch, that they ſtand unrivalled in the whole liſt of rewards to be brought from any other ſource, except that which muſt ever accompany them, the comfort of the favour of our Creator.

ONE morning laſt ſummer, while I was at a friend's houſe in the country, being little inclined to ſleep, I ſtole ſoftly out of my chamber, and ſlipped into the garden. The ſun was juſt beaming upon the hills, the dew yet beſpangled the lawn, and the dew-drop ſtill hung in the lip of the roſe. I walked leiſurely on, reflecting on the various effects that the approach of day had on man, ſtyled the lord of the creation. Some riſe to labour, ſome to ſorrow, ſome to idleneſs, few to joy. I looked back on the habitation of my friend, and my heart glowed with pleaſure to think he was among the happy few. Bleſſed with abundance, he bleſſes many; he dries the orphan's tears, and makes the widow's heart to leap for joy: he ſeeks occaſions to do good, and his wealth is riches to many: none go empty from his gate; he feeds the hungry, and he cloaths the naked: his children are taught to love the poor as well as the rich, and his ſervants are eager to deſerve his ſmiles. Happy man! ſaid I to myſelf, to have the good things of life, and to know the uſe of them.—During theſe meditations, I inſenſibly ſtrolled over the fields along a path that led to a diſtant village, whither I arrived juſt as the young

maidens were milking their cows. Perceiving one who looked neater than the reſt, I went up to her, and begged a draught of milk. She ran and fetched a clean mug, and gave me what I wanted; but methought there was an awkwardneſs in her manner that ſpoke her not always accuſtomed to the employment. She looked abaſhed, and her wan countenance was for a moment beſpread with crimſon, but haſting from me ſhe returned again to her work. I walked on to the cottage where ſhe had been to fetch the mug, and thanked the good woman for letting her daughter give me ſo pleaſant a morning draught. She told me I was welcome, and begged I would reſt myſelf: ſo ſaying, ſhe brought me a chair, which was neat, though homely. I could not help perceiving, through all her coarſe attire, ſomething better born than a common villager. I aſked if ſhe was a widow? She ſaid, "Yes, ſir," and, turning her head, wiped away a ſtraggling tear. "Did you always live in this village, madam?" ſaid I. "No, ſir," ſaid ſhe; and added "but call me not madam—that does not befit our humble ſtation." While ſhe ſaid this, I narrowly obſerved her, and though ſhe buſied herſelf to avoid my enquiring eyes, I could perceive the epithet had once been not improper. But, however curious I was, I would not offend; and therefore, after paying

paying her for her draught of milk, I got back as faſt as I could. I found my friend anxious to know what was become of me, and told him my tale. It was agreed that I ſhould go again in a ſhort time, and endeavour to diſcover if any thing could be done to relieve the diſtreſs which they ſeemed to be in; for though every thing was neat, yet there was an appearance of the moſt extreme poverty. About a week elapſed before I went again; when I found the mother in great anxiety for her daughter, who was ill in her bed, which, after much entreaty, ſhe owned was owing to her working too hard. The anguiſh of the mother emboldened me to ſay, that I believed they had not always lived in that ſtate; that I would not enquire further, but that I had a friend to whoſe bounty I ſhould apply for relief in their preſent circumſtances. She caſt up her eyes to heaven, and ſaid, "Sure you mean Mr. ——." I ſaid, "I do." "I wiſhed, ſaid ſhe, to have got ſome perſon juſt to mention our preſent miſery, for I am perſuaded he would relieve us; but our neighbours are jealous, becauſe they know us not, and I feared to make ill-will." "You did not always then live here, ſaid I." "Oh, no, no," ſaid ſhe haſtily; but recollecting herſelf, ſhe told me with a reſerved air they had been inhabitants not more than two months.——My

friend, who had followed me at a little diſtance, dropped in juſt at this time, and on the firſt ſight of her flew to her, and caught her in his arms—They both remained ſpeechleſs for ſome moments—My heart beat with eagerneſs to know the cauſe of this tranſport, nor did I much doubt but that ſhe would prove not what ſhe appeared. At length I learnt that this was a long loſt ſiſter. She had run away with a captain from her father's houſe, and he had ever after forbid her to enter it. She had followed her huſband through a variety of countries, and at laſt a cannon-ball had deprived her of her only means of ſupport. Her daughter and herſelf, having endured many difficulties, and encountered many dangers, had come to their own country, and, after wandering through ſeveral counties, had found a humane farmer, who lent them this cottage, and employed them in his dairy; but the hardneſs of the work had been too much for her daughter, and indeed want of proper food had contributed to her ſickneſs. The mother was ſcarce able to believe her ſenſes, and yet ſeemed to doubt them, when ſhe came to recollect that her father's name did not agree with my friend's; but he told her he had married a lady of a large fortune, for which he had changed his name. He gave her a ſufficiency for her preſent diſtreſſes, and we left her, reluctantly, with

a charge

a charge not to tell her daughter too ſoon. We went every day to enquire after them, and by proper food the young creature quite recovered. My friend put the farmer in a very good farm, for his benevolence to ſtrangers; and, after a ſhort time, we brought the lady and her daughter to a neat houſe which we had buſied ourſelves in fitting up in the village, near my friend's. He immediately ſettled a comfortable income upon them, being fully convinced that a ſmall independence is more agreeable to human nature than all the luxuries of life in a dependent ſituation. The diſtreſſes ſhe and her daughter had undergone, both during the captain's life and after his death, made me reflect how many difficulties we run into from one imprudent ſtep. She told me how many bitter tears ſhe had ſhed that ever ſhe left her father's houſe, where ſhe might have ſhared peace and plenty in common with her brothers and ſiſters: nor did her huſband's love repay her folly; for he often left her for weeks together with ſcarcely bread to eat, and would reproach her with being a burthen to him. She could not have ſupported herſelf through the hardſhips ſhe underwent, but for the ſake of the little daughter who needed her aſſiſtance. As ſhe grew up, ſhe amply repaid her cares, and would forego no fatigue to eaſe her mother. Her

beauty was ſuch, that ſhe found it might prevent her from being of that help ſhe wiſhed, and therefore ſhe uſed to diſguiſe herſelf, and dye her ſkin. It was ſome time before ſhe reſtored it to its natural whiteneſs; but when health returned, and time had made her forget her toils, I never beheld a more lovely countenance and form. Sweetneſs of manners, joined with modeſty, attracted every one's notice. She had alſo a natural genius for every kind of knowledge; but ſhe declined putting her mother or uncle to any expence on her account, and was content to ſteal what ſhe could from the maſters that attended her couſins. She was often at her uncle's, and was ſo much admired that we uſed to call her the fair fugitive.—But, after a year ſpent in the utmoſt intimacy, all had liked to have been again thrown into a ſtate of ſeparation; for my friend's eldeſt ſon about that time returned from abroad, and was ſo attracted with the charms of his couſin, that he fell into a deep melancholy, as it was not to be expected the father would conſent to ſuch an union. My friend ſaw with grief that ſomething oppreſſed his mind, and he feared he had contracted ſome acquaintance abroad that made home appear a void to him. The mother and the daughter had been ſome time abſent on a viſit, and when we expected them home, my friend received a letter,

couched

couched in terms ſomewhat ambiguous, importing that, by her daughter's requeſt, they ſhould prolong their ſtay, and perhaps be obliged to return no more to the ſeat of content and happineſs. My friend read the former part of this letter aloud, but heſitating as he came towards the end, muttered that over to himſelf, and then gave it to his wife. She read it with emotion, but concealed it as well as ſhe could, and fixing her diſcerning eye on her ſon, careleſsly gave the letter again to her huſband, and ſaid they knew beſt their own affairs; ſhe was ſorry to loſe them, but if it muſt be ſo—— "Loſe them! madam," ſaid George haſtily;—but, recovering himſelf, roſe from his ſeat, and haſtily left the room. "My dear," ſaid this excellent mother, "Your ſiſter and her amiable daughter are flying from us, leſt they repay your kindneſs by ſtealing the heart of your ſon; and I have long thought that what you ſuppoſe an old affair is one of recent date, and that George's heart is in England, and not abroad." My friend, who was in a profound reverie, waked as from a dream. "Heaven be praiſed!" ſays he; "it may be my child has made no ſurrender of his heart, but to the object where mine has long been for him." So ſaying, he followed him into the garden, and, locking him in his arms, beſought him to diſcloſe the cauſe of his dejection. It was long before he would even

hint

hint at it, and at length told him he could not give the deſired explanation, having made a moſt ſolemn promiſe never to reveal it; but by ſeveral expreſſions that dropped on the mention of the fair couſin, the myſtery was explained. The amiable mother was ſent for immediately, and the young people made happy in the entire approbation of their friends in their union.

On hearing a ROBIN *ſing in* September.

HARK to the Robin, how chearfully he tunes his throat at the decline of day.—Ah! but his ſong forebodes the approach of winter, and yon clear ſky will brighten into froſt.—But why averſe to winter? why ſigh at the revolving courſe of nature, who kindly rolls her wonted round, that the earth may yield thee food?—Why not with chearful heart prepare to meet the blaſt?—Go, learn of that ſweet ſongſter; learn, by innocence like his, to chear thy heart,—to ſpend thy little ſpace of time, the ſummer of thy days, in innocence like his; ſo like him ſhalt thou meet the

the chill approach of wintry age with fearleſs gaiety, with chearfulneſs of heart. Leave melancholy to thoſe that waſte, not ſpend, their time; let them ſend out their lamentations of the ſhort-lived ſummer of their days, and cry out like the doleful bird of night. Well may they lament the loſs of ſummer days, who cannot reflect on them without pain; who cannot enjoy the preſent, for they have laid in no ſtore, and are now too feeble to gather.——But the virtuous—'tis not ſo with them; they have laid up food for their wintry eve. The learning of their youth is their fuel, and the innocence of it their chearful fire: memory furniſhes the one, and a good conſcience lights up the other. So to the lateſt the lamp of life beams clear and bright, and ſinks into the earthly ſocket only to give place to everlaſting day!—Sing on then, little warbler; give out thy leſſon, and let me learn it: let me joy in thy joy, and rejoice like thee in innocence and peace. So, though ſtorms hang over my head, or death itſelf approach, I'll ſing the praiſes of my God, and join in thanks and joy!

On the NIGHTINGALE.

SING on, ſweet bird of night! Warble out thy lays, and lay to reſt the cares within my heart. Soft and ſweet are thy notes; they calm every paſſion, and thy ſtill ſweet voice aids that of reaſon. Sing on, ſweet bird of night! Lo, thy ſong is echoed from yonder tree: another and another voice ſucceeds, and a general vocal concert is heard, far ſweeter than inſtruments. The moon riſes in ſilent majeſty, and chears the valley while you ſing. All nature is huſhed——ſing on, ſweet bird of night! Raiſe thy voice, and chant thy oriſons to thy Creator and mine. I join in thy praiſes, and I thank him for ſending thee to chear us in the hour of night and ſolitude. Thy ſong chears thy companion alſo; gives us a leſſon to lighten each other's burthen in this our common courſe of life. We are all haſtening to one end; we ſhould endeavour to make our road to it as pleaſant as we can. We ſhall, no doubt, meet with ſome dirty, ſome difficult paths; but we ſee paſſengers on each ſide us: let us then give a help to them, when in our power; and when it is not, let us chearfully purſue our own. That venerable oak, on whoſe bough the little warbler ſits, has ſeen many come up and many go down; ſo ſhort

is our life, and ſo uncertain, when compared with the life of that tree. If then it is ſo tranſient, ſhould we not make it eaſy to each other by chearfulneſs, like this little ſongſter, and eaſy to ourſelves, by reflecting that the only way to lighten ſorrow is to look to its end? That will teach us to bear it with compoſure, and to enjoy what we can, if we have not all we might. The pleaſures of the mind are always in our power: we can enjoy a higher pleaſure than any the world can take away, when we can contemplate the goodneſs of the Creator in making every thing for the pleaſure and enjoyment of man.—Sing on then, ſweet bird of night!

A ſuppoſed SPEECH *in a ſuppoſed* PLAY.

RUFUS *being ſent by the Uſurper with a Bribe,* ROMANUS *bids him retire, and then burſts out into the following Soliloquy.*

OH luxury of thought! and I will do't:—
I'll ſtand unmoved amid the wreck of virtue,
And banquet on myſelf.
Folly! thou art maſter of the world,
But not of me.
Vice! thou ſtalkeſt abroad in open day,
Courted and careſſed of all mankind,
But not by me. In-

Injuſtice dares invade each neighbour's right,
And puniſhes the injured;
But I,—hear me high Heaven!—if I cannot puniſh vice,
Will comfort the oppreſſed;
I'll anchor in an upright heart,
Nor waves nor ſtorms ſhall move me. [*calls.*
Here,—Rufus,—take back the bribe,
And tell thy maſter he has miſtaken his man;—
That all are not for gold;—
That one is left, who, for peace within,
Would forfeit kingdoms. [*Exit* RUFUS.

Enter PETRUCHIUS *haſtily.*

What haſt thou done?—Sent back the gift?
Beware!—thy life may anſwer for the affront.

ROMANUS.

Yes, Petruchius, I have returned the duſt;
It weighs not in my ſcales:
They are ſet to truth and juſtice;
Light are all other weights, they kick the beam.
And know, I've made a ſolemn promiſe to myſelf
To give myſelf no pain.
But let each action turn on virtue's axis,
And, free as air, to let my heart beat true,
And vibrate peace:
So when to this falſe world I bid adieu,
I may have nothing owing it.

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FINIS.